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Britain's Last Trump

On another page J. B. Priestley, in a noteworthy personal declaration, calls upon Britain to renounce the H-bomb before it destroys us. His article represents in its combination of realism and humanism what most people feel and what more and more are beginning to think. Yet he writes, as he should, with the divine irresponsibility of the philosopher who refuses to obscure his vision by taking note of the forest of rotting trees among which the statesmen have to work. This journal shares his feelings and accepts most of his arguments. Nevertheless it is our duty to subject his conclusion to the test of close-up political scrutiny.

It is not underrating the toxic consequences to us all of continued H-bomb testing and manufacture, to say that the essential danger to Britain is the danger of war itself—whether or not we possess the bomb. For if Russia and America fight at all, nuclear weapons will be used and it will be long odds against our survival. Furthermore the danger, already great, appears to be growing. Britain is totally defenceless against nuclear war, yet under Mr Sandys we are committing ourselves more and more to dependence on nuclear weapons: it is our overriding interest to avoid war, yet we tamely acquiesce in policies which increase tension and stultify genuine negotiation.

An immediate and unilateral renunciation of the H-bomb would—if it were to reduce Britain's vulnerability—involve the removal of the US air bases in Britain, the abandonment of the policy of making the British army dependent on nuclear fire-power and the rejection of the Sandys-Norstadt concept of Nato as a nuclear force. It would, in effect, mean contracting out of Nato in its present form. Western policy is largely dictated by America. The key question, therefore, is whether resolute British diplomacy is more likely to influence America from inside Nato or outside? The futility of the last half-dozen years prompts a cynical answer; but a moment's serious thought will show that a Labour government prepared to take a strong independent line would stand a better chance of making its impact from inside.

Those who believe that British manufacture of the bomb any longer provides us with a serious bargaining position delude themselves. But membership of Nato does give us a card—perhaps a trump—which has not yet been played: the card of walking out of Nato (followed, one may guess, by other western European nations) and so making nonsense of the US policy of containing Communism by military alliance. The risks of playing this card are obvious and serious. But they must be balanced against the almost certain destruction to which Russia and America are at present driving the world.

If Mr Bevan's notion of bargaining with the British H-bomb has any real meaning it means insisting, as the price of our continuance in Nato, on the modification of western policy at three points for a start: first, the Oder-Neisse Line, which must be formally accepted by the western powers as it already is by the East; secondly, the dividing line in Germany, where something like the Gaitskell plan of disengagement would go far to reduce the risk of 'war by accident'; thirdly, the supply of arms to Middle East powers, where we should accept the Russian proposal for a total embargo and invite them to join us in guaranteeing all the frontiers concerned, including those of Israel.

If Mr Bevan has in mind some such initiative as this when he becomes foreign secretary, and if he is prepared to use British membership of Nato as his trump card, then it will still be of service to him to be able to tell Mr Dulles that there is growing in this country a belief that it is folly for Britain to possess nuclear weapons or provide bases. Further, membership of Nato is a trump that can be played only once and it must be played soon. If, within a matter of months of a Labour government's assuming office, the smouldering fuse of cold war has not been damped into harmlessness, Britain, it seems to us, has no option but to contract out of the whole business and accept, with all the difficulties it involves, the position not very different from that of a Scandinavian power. Whatever the dangers of fragmenting Nato, they are no greater than those of continuing along our present road. Mr Priestley errs only in undervaluing Britain's one trump card: his divine irresponsibility has all the ring of sanity.

Comments on the Week's News

Zhukov and Krushchev

The curious affair of Marshal Zhukov has naturally started a new spate of rumours and speculation about the Soviet leadership. There have been inspired stories from Moscow about the Marshal's 'cult of personality', of his attempts to challenge Krushchev's policies, about his 'blunders due to complacency and conceit'. But whatever the immediate cause of his removal from the Ministry of Defence, and whatever disposition is finally made of his case, its main features seem clear. The thread of consistency that runs through all of Krushchev's actions in the last three years is the reconstruction of the party machine as the primary centre of power. To this end, an alliance of the government, party and army leaders broke Beria and the secret police. After the 20th Congress, Krushchev steadily built up his party organisation to the point where, in co-operation with the army leaders, he was able to attack the centralised government bureaucracy and exclude both its representatives and the old-guard Stalinists from the Praesidium. The next target, clearly, was the army, which has been a semi-independent institution and might, if its leaders were so minded, offer a serious challenge to the authority of Krushchev and the party machine. It would be foolish to over-estimate the independence of the army – for it is closely linked to the party apparatus – but its leaders have clearly been strong enough to strike bargains with Krushchev. They may still have retained sufficient bargaining power to force a compromise about Marshal Zhukov. Indeed, just as Krushchev found the Central Committee an indispensable court of last resort in his struggle with Molotov and Malenkov, it seems that Zhukov's friends have found enough backing there to make Krushchev pause. All this suggests that the Central Committee is still far from being Krushchev's creature. Under Stalin, it rarely met. In present circumstances in Russia it clearly has some vitality and power, if only because it is the place where the balance is struck between contending factions.

Declaration of War?

Mr Harold Wilson rightly called Mr Thorneycroft's speech on Tuesday a 'declaration of war'. The government has not only decided to back the employers in any refusal to grant wage increases this winter: it has itself given an almost unprecedented lead by announcing in advance that the railwaymen's claim will be resisted. This would in any case create a difficult industrial situation, for it means that the Minister of Labour will not be able to stand apart from normal wage negotiations between the unions and employers, free to intervene as an arbitrator should a deadlock be reached. And this, of course, strikes directly at long-accepted practice in collective bargaining. But this is not all. While Mr Thorneycroft insists that wage advances will only be granted where there is an increase in production, he has set out to cut back production and employment by his financial policies, to reduce investment, and to add – by tightening the squeeze on housing and the social services – to the pressure on the working class. Nothing could be more calculated to anger the trade unions, or to make effective co-operation between them and the government impossible. All this has been done in the name of an anti-inflationary crusade, under the slogan that further wage increases would mean 'disaster to the country', because the government still insists that the root of our economic troubles is a demand inflation. And the price that will be paid for this basic misconception is likely to be a heavy one. At the least it will provoke serious industrial disputes. At the worst it will launch the economy into a recession, in which output, investment, living and welfare standards will at fall.

The Phoney Crisis

The results of the Turkish elections should cause no surprise: as expected, Mr Menderes retained a two-thirds majority in parliament, but the opposition has swollen from an ineffectual handful to about 180. We may, therefore, expect to see a progressive liberalisation of the regime, a harder Turkish line on Cyprus and more resistance to American orders in foreign affairs. Though Turkish opinion has kept admirably calm in recent weeks, reports from Ankara indicate a growing disinclination to serve as the sabre America is rattling in the current 'crisis of prestige'. Meanwhile, Syria has moved appreciably closer to Russia in the past week. The new economic agreement fills in some of the details of the 'agreement in principle' signed by Kaled el Azm in Moscow in August, and confirms earlier reports that the aid Syria will receive will exceed in value total Eisenhower Doctrine aid during the present budgetary period. In his latest speech, the premier, Sabri Assali, has emphasised once more that 'no conditions of any kind' are attached to the agreement; but recent statements by Syrian leaders, including his own, have been markedly more anti-western in character. The 'phoney crisis', in short, has speeded up the spread of Soviet influence among the Arab nationalists; and faced with this threat to our vital interests, the best that British diplomacy could do was Commander Noble's miserable utterance at the UN, accusing Russia of 'misrepresenting' events. That Soviet diplomacy has presented a false image of the crisis is perfectly true; but it is scarcely further from the truth than the American version. Indeed, the crisis has amply confirmed Mr Bevan's diagnosis when the Doctrine was first announced: the very fact that two world powers were now face to face in the Middle East would itself be a source of tension irrespective of the actions of the countries in the area.

Crisis in St Lucia

The sudden constitutional crisis in the West Indian island of St Lucia illustrates the political difficulties arising in the Caribbean area even before Federation has been established. In the recent general election the Labour Party won seven of the eight seats in the Legislative Council. The governor is entitled to nominate three additional members. The Executive Council, which virtually forms the government of the island, will consist of three officials, one nominated member and four members of the majority party. As the officials are instructed not to frustrate the policy of the elected members, the Labour Party is in a position to control both the Legislative Council and the policy of the government. At the moment the party is refusing to form a government because of its objection to the individuals nominated by the governor. It accuses the governor of having nominated persons who openly support the opposition party, thus defying the will of the electorate. Similar objections have been made previously in other islands. There is at the present stage of inexperience a reasonable case for including in the Legislative Council persons of independent views, able to offer constructive criticism of government policies. But there is no reasonable case for even seeming to give representation to planters and business interests who have failed to secure the votes of the electorate. The governor would surely do better to have private consultations with the majority party before making his nominations. On the other hand, having made its stand on the matter of principle, it is to be hoped that the Labour Party will recognise, as similar parties have done elsewhere, that it is far better to occupy a position in which further constitutional reform cannot be refused, than to force a breakdown.

Apartheid Versus Profits

The South African government's notice to the clothing industry that specific jobs should be reserved for white workers means something more than yet another step towards apartheid. Under the Industrial Conciliation Act of 1956 a tribunal was instructed to inquire into a variety of industries. This tribunal has now made the recommendation for the clothing industry on which the government is acting. The main industrial employers, though usually supporting the United Party, have hitherto never taken any firm action against the policy of apartheid. Whenever they have become restive they have easily been bought off by the government by the offer of increased import quotas and similar concessions. Yet apartheid strikes directly at the heart of industry. There are too few Europeans in the country to provide the skill and technical needs of an expanding industrial life. Moreover, an artificial promotion bar is inimical to sound labour organisation. The imposition of apartheid in industry, therefore, will inevitably reduce labour efficiency and damage industrial organisation. South African employers are now to be faced with a clear choice between political conformity and their desire to increase profits. It has been apparent for many years that the likeliest opportunity for overthrowing white supremacy in South Africa would come with a genuine split in the ranks of the European community. The most probable occasion for such division would be such a conflict between economic interest and political ideology.

Nenni and Saragat

The conference of the Italian Social-Democrats at Milan seems to have added to the confusion on the Italian left. Saragat managed to get a slender majority over Matteotti and Zagari, who advocate unity with Nenni's Socialists, and it seems that he will still try to hitch his party to the Christian Democrats' bandwaggon. He has moved so far to the right that it is difficult to understand why Matteotti and Zagari do not move over into the Socialist Party. Yet unity seems farther off than ever—though its advantages are quite clear, and though Nenni's break with the Communists after the Hungarian revolution

offered a real opportunity to bring the non-Communist groups together. Indeed, the Socialist Party itself seems to be defeatist, and to be more concerned with polemics and recriminations than with trying to win popular support. In the rural districts, far from winning votes from the Communists, it seems to be losing them. Despite all the difficulties that have plagued the Communists in the last year, Togliatti can still appear as a man who knows what he wants and how to get it. Nenni staked a great deal on unity, and his failure to secure it is a serious blow to Italian Socialism.

Two Standards of Treatment

Work done by three experts at the Medical Research Council's Social Medicine Unit strikingly confirms the existence of a double standard of treatment in the hospital service. Using hospital in-patient statistics compiled by the General Register Office, they show that a patient undergoing surgical treatment has a much better chance of surviving his operation if it is performed in a teaching hospital. With appendicitis followed by peritonitis his prospects are twice as good (3.3 per cent. die in teaching as compared with 6.6 in non-teaching hospitals) and other operations show a similar trend (enlargement of the prostrate 4.1 and 7.6 per cent., perforated peptic ulcer 7.2 and 9.7 per cent.). The cause of this alarming disparity is to be found at least in part in the privileged position of the teaching hospitals themselves. When the Health Service was created no attempt was made to spread their better facilities over the hospital service as a whole, and they remained separate administrative units controlling their own endowment funds, preserving their unique social *cachet* and retaining a higher proportion of doctors per thousand beds than the non-teaching units. The latter are short of nurses, but there are waiting lists at the teaching hospitals, because it is a socially done thing to nurse there. The same applies to almoners and medical auxiliaries. The teaching hospitals do not have to cut and curb their services to the same extent as the others. They have more money, better equipment, better-paid staff. In fact, they have creamed off the best of the service, and the National Health Service Act confirms them in their ascendancy. Certainly, for teaching purposes they need a wide selection of cases presenting varied problems, but this does not justify the rejection of nearly all 'uninteresting' forms of illness, such as the chronic sick and geriatric patients, nor does it compensate for the harm done to the rest of the service.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Swansea

The End of Gorseinon

The closure of two old steelworks in the Swansea area, following hard on the rout of the old tinplate mills, could hardly have come at a worse time. Altogether some 5,000 men are looking for jobs in a labour market which is sharply contracting. In villages like Gorseinon, which have little *raison d'être* now that the works have gone, and in Llanelly where, as the current joke has it, 'our principal industry is demolition', the older men are having unpleasant memories revived. Although everyone has heard over and over again that the remaining old works could not survive once the modern plants were in full production, closure has still come as a shock. At one of the steelworks the fuel plant was being modernised. At the other as late as a month ago the men were full of beans and confident they would be working a few years yet. They told me the story of a Gorseinon man who had left there in 1938 to go to the Ebbw Vale strip-mill to assure himself a future, arguing that the old works wouldn't see that year out. He had come back a few months ago to Gorseinon to retire and found the old works still in full production, even short of labour; and had said that if only he had known that this would have happened he would never have gone to Ebbw Vale. The story's implication was clear: the cloud had been overhead so long that the men had grown to doubt its capability of raining.

But the smallest drizzle has been enough, the slightest recession fatal. With the great new plants at Trostre and Velindre on short-time as stocks accumulate, the old tinplate mills have been forced out. These mills used the product of the old steelworks and no alternative market could be found to replace them. The men who are suffering the effects of this are not much interested in the causes: knowing the make of the car that hits you isn't much consolation. Neither can they be expected to derive much comfort from the fact that the new plants have been built in the same part of the world as the old if there is no room at the new for them. Clearly room cannot be found for them all and equally clearly it will mainly be the older men who will be rejected, men who will have spent a lifetime learning and practising the craft of making steel. For the young men there is likely to be a place at the Abbey Steelworks. (Although there are hints already that Abbey labourers who have been waiting for promotion to the production line are going to oppose the influx of new boys to posts they covet.) They will need to leave their West Wales homes and make new ones at Port Talbot, a move many of them will regret for a long time, even if they prosper in their bright new housing estate and, as the joke goes, buy cars to carry their wages in.

The older men will not manage so well. Some of them have already found jobs with building contractors, the N.C.B. or the Electricity Board, but the vacancies boards grow barer. Usually these jobs offer smaller wages and inevitably make no demands on special skills; they cannot hope to reproduce the circumstances which provided the men with a sense of purpose and pride in their work. But at least they will be jobs, which some of their colleagues are not likely to find at all this winter. To help them out, tinplate-workers who have left the industry are receiving money from a fund established by the employers at the end of the war which has now grown to £700,000. Men of 65 or over, who have always worked in the industry and had skilled jobs, are receiving £210 and others less. The steelworkers have been promised help by Richard Thomas & Baldwins, possibly the best-liked employers in South Wales. Sympathy, in fact, is universal both for the men and for the villages from which the young will need to move and in which the middle-aged and old will be in danger of eating out their hearts. Unless, that is, new industries are introduced to prevent the sadness at these events turning to bitterness.

W. John Morgan

New York

Subliminal Persuasion

Evidently working on the theory that a consumer's brain can be a hindrance to effective advertising, a new enterprise called the Subliminal Projection Company has patented a scheme to bypass that barrier and do business directly with the public's subconscious mind. Mr James M. Vicary, who is pioneering this Svengali approach to commerce, recently staged a demonstration for the press here, and while it did not send reporters into the streets panting for Coca-Cola, it was successful enough to rouse concern.

The basic idea of subliminal projection is to expose a movie or television audience to invisible commercials. A brand name or a short slogan is intermittently flashed on the screen for a fraction of a second at an intensity of light lower than that of the picture being shown, with the result that the wily advertiser's message is absorbed without the conscious knowledge of the potential customer, or victim.

In the event that Mr Vicary's Orwellian plans materialise, subliminal projection would go beyond popcorn. The possibilities, actively contemplated, are as varied as they are repulsive. Technically, it is believed feasible to extend the principle to the printed page by means of subtle watermarks and special inks, so that while a reader's mind is on Proust or Tolstoy, his nervous system may be unconsciously solicited on behalf of some particular brand of tomato juice, hair shampoo, or pipe tobacco. In the theatre low-pitched verbal commercials might be deftly intruded without interrupting a Shakespearean soliloquy, and there is even some talk of olfactory projection, which presumably would break the smell barrier.

The emphasis in subliminal advertising would naturally have to be on brevity—a word or a symbol to recall a pleasurable sensation. If the product doesn't lend itself to pleasurable sensations, they can be provided by association. In a recent interview, Vance Packard, author of *The Hidden Persuaders*, suggested the method of flashing sexual or emotional symbols, subliminally, in the middle of regular TV commercials. 'You might flash a picture of a couple making love, or a mother breast-feeding her baby right in the middle of an automobile or cigarette commercial,' he explained. 'It wouldn't be "visible"—and the emotional impact would be unconsciously very powerful.'

Technically at any rate, what could be done for cigarettes and automobiles in this way could also be done for politicians. The history of our presidential campaigns is full of homely symbols—a log cabin, a brown derby, a sunflower—but since they have had to be addressed to the conscious mind, they have had to have at least a shadow of relevance. Should the subliminal technicians ever gain a foothold in this field, a Faubus could be identified with Abe Lincoln and a Dulles with Franklin Roosevelt.

As it happens, Madison Avenue is already associated in the public mind (more than subliminally) with tricky manœuvring, having all but replaced Wall Street as a suspect locale, and there is little chance that it will be allowed to fool so directly with the national subconscious. Responsible advertising executives have already denounced the whole scheme, both as a matter of personal integrity and out of fear of public resentment. The American public at large is likely to take no more kindly to a device that violates the national taboo against the shooting of sitting ducks.

Robert Bendiner

Westminster

'Up, Jenkins!'

As before, the corridors reverberated to the confident voice of Mr Charles Pannell, amiably discoursing. In the Chamber, Scottish members still harassed their Secretary of State, or his juniors, on such topics as the right of way from Polton to Rosslyn Castle or the progress of the Lanarkshire maternity hospital at Bellshill; and the ministerial replies were still punctuated by the deeply intoned commentaries of Mr Gerald Nabarro – 'a very logical series of answers, if I may say so'. The Prime Minister, who has lived with Vicky's cartoons for so long that he now looks just like them, still flickered his grey, tentative smile and trailed his courteous evasions from the Dispatch Box; and when Mr Peter Thorneycroft, in those accents which are too much for Eton but not enough for the stage, opened the economics debate as usual with a plea for sober, non-partisan discussion, the House settled into its accustomed attitude of enervated boredom. There might never have been a recess.

Yet there was drama in the air. Both parties were uneasily aware that during the recess by-election voters had surveyed them sourly and had treated varying proposals for checking the rise of prices with listless disbelief. Clearly if either was to regain public confidence it would have to do better; and here, respectively, were Messrs. Thorneycroft and Wilson to show whether in fact they could. The question mark over Thorneycroft's head was particularly intriguing. Those who had followed his party's conference at Brighton had noted two contrasting trends of feeling – that expressed by Mr Iain Macleod, who wanted a national, get-together policy with the unions, and that implied by almost every delegate from the floor, and openly expressed by Lord Hailsham, who wanted a policy of take-it-or-leave-it toughness. Which of these two had the party masters finally deposited in that governmental out-tray, the Chancellor of the Exchequer?

After he had heard Thorneycroft's speech, Wilson had no doubt of the answer. This, he said, was a straight declaration of war; and it was true that on the one wage claim over which he has some direct control Thorneycroft had told the railway unions that they could whistle for their money. He had also urged employers generally to stand firm. But he had continued to deny any general government responsibility in wage negotiations. There was still to be no wages policy. This dismayed some of his supporters. Mr Angus Maude, waxen-faced, restrained but quietly menacing, and Sir Ian Horobin, ebullient and boisterously threatening, were soon on their feet. Present government policy, relying as it seemed to do merely on a 7 per cent Bank rate, would quickly ruin everyone who had ever voted Conservative, said Sir Ian. If it went on, he forecast, we should see by-election results which would make Gloucester seem like a unanimous vote of confidence. The government must be tough about wages not only on the railways but everywhere. It must even tell arbitration tribunals what they should award – nothing. In other words, it must put an end to collective bargaining.

Meanwhile Labour members were reflecting on the performance of their own champion. Wilson had fired off his now usual quota of good cracks – his reference to Thorneycroft's 'not unsuccessful intervention in the Gloucester by-election on behalf of the Liberal candidate' went down particularly well. But his criticisms of Bank rate policy, his proposals for bulk-purchase agreements and his advocacy of 'selective' physical controls – 'Oh God, if he mentions petrol stations again I shall personally scream,' said one of his supporters – were no less stale for being fundamentally sound. There was little new and nothing striking in this speech and towards the end of the day Mr Idwal Jones, the Socialist, and Mr W. S. Shepherd, the Conservative, seemed to be suggesting that in fact neither party had a clue about how to check inflation. In that they summed up the general feeling of the House, which has now caught up with the general feeling of the electorate.

But just when cynical resignation had descended on the Chamber, Mr Roy Jenkins caught the Speaker's eye. Jenkins is not everyone's favourite, for his public manner suggests arrogance. But he is reputed to be so close a confidant of Mr Hugh Gaitskell that only the keenest observer can detect where Jenkins' mouth ends and Gaitskell's ear begins. So when he speaks in the House, others grudgingly listen for the sound of things to come. On Tuesday he spoke with his easy, controlled fluency, glancing occasionally at his notes more for pause and effect than from any need to refresh his memory. Only the movements of his hands seemed uncalculated. These hands twisted and writhed in front of him like snakes, and though from time to time he would thrust them deep into his pockets or plant them firmly on his hips beneath his wide open coat, back they would come in a few seconds to twist and writhe as before. But soon they did not matter, for Jenkins, his sallow face gently suffused with the concealed lighting of his smile, was blandly telling the House that it was well behind the times. It was all set to fight inflation, Wilson had polished his lance and Thorneycroft had all but got his stiff upper lip glued into position when, bless me, the enemy had sneaked off and an entirely new opponent had taken the field. World commodity prices were falling sharply. Other prices would fall, or at least steady, in their train; and in *their* train, if past history was any guide, would come recession. In other words, the menace against which we should be preparing was not inflation but deflation, beginning in the United States but spreading quickly to our own now unguarded shores. Jenkins also took a passing swipe at the notion, dogmatically held for a century and a half, that Britain benefits by maintaining sterling as an international currency. But for the moment, the House was too startled at being told that its fox had already been shot to worry about a suggestion that its cherished pearls were so much paste. As I left the Chamber, I had a sudden memory of how Professor Robertson once summed up a debate between Keynes and Hayek. 'I think we have all got it clear now,' said Robertson. 'What Mr Keynes calls a slump, Professor Hayek calls a boom; and what Professor Hayek calls a boom, Mr Keynes calls a slump.'

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

THE CHANCES OF ESCAPING BURNS ARE INCREASED BY WEARING GLOVES AND HATS...
-FROM 'THE HYDROGEN BOMB'
PUBLISHED BY THE STATIONERY OFFICE
VICKY

'You're improperly dressed, you know'

Behind Salazar's Facade

Off the spacious coastal road which leads out of the western suburbs of Oporto there is a concealed turning. No tourist, on his way to the Atlantic beaches, would spot it; even the Oporto citizens who were escorting me had to ask the way from a passing labourer. Yet this little unpaved road, meandering behind the luxury villas which overlook the sea, leads straight to the heart of the real Portugal, the Portugal which lives and suffers behind the Salazar facade. Only 50 yards from the main road, the stench became unbearable. Then we saw the first group of huts: black little hovels, scarcely four feet high, made of old packing cases and wooden boards, strips of corrugated iron, even cardboard. The floor was mud: in the winter, these people, like the wild tribes of the Euphrates Delta, live literally in a swamp. Small children, almost naked, their stomachs distended by the potato soup which is their stable diet, scuffled and urinated along the track. A tiny, wizened girl—she was 11 years old—escorted us to the centre of the 'village'. Here were perhaps 200 huts—one or two pathetically adorned with a coat of paint, even a name—inhabited by 1,000 of Salazar's subjects. Inside one of them, peering through the darkness and the flies, I saw a room, 12ft by 6ft, half divided by a wooden partition; there were two packing-case beds—no blankets—and a dresser made of planks; the entire worldly goods of eight human beings. The father of the family made 3s a day, out of which he had to pay his social insurance, his 'union' dues, and a ground rent to Oporto City Council for the right to live in his hovel.

Scattered around Oporto there are 19 of these satellite slums. But there is no need to go to the suburbs. In Oporto itself, under the shadow of the great iron bridge which Eiffel flung across the Douro, facing the huge warehouses of the port princes, are tenements no better, perhaps worse, for here even the sun never penetrates. Above them looms the dome of the giant sports-stadium which Salazar had built for the international roller-skating hockey championships, the vast diocesan seminary, and, highest of all, the grandiose 18th-century palace of the Bishop of Oporto. By visiting these slums I became an accessory to a crime: for my Portuguese friends risked an eight-year prison sentence by taking me there. In Portugal, poverty is blessed—Salazar has said so himself—but only if it remains invisible to foreign eyes; and whilst I was there a new decree-law was announced forbidding peasants to appear barefoot in the 'tourist zones'. Since most of them do not possess shoes anyway, it would seem that they can now no longer enjoy the delights of what Lady Kelly has called 'this delicious land'.

Yes, Portugal has a hard currency: the fruit of 31 years of deflation, unemployment and pegged wages. Not everyone's wages are pegged, of course. Cabinet ministers have treated themselves to a five-fold increase since 1928, thus keeping a jump ahead of the rise in living costs. Schoolteachers, civil servants and junior army officers have had a mere two-fold increase, which explains the genteel poverty tastefully concealed behind the stucco walls of the Lisbon suburbs. The salt miners of Alchochete get from 3s 9d to 5s a day, as they did when Professor Salazar became Minister of Finance in 1926 (the price of salt has meanwhile increased 12 times), and this explains why army units equipped with tanks had to be used to persuade them to call off their strike earlier this year. The peasants, who make up 75 per cent of the population, rub along on incomes of between £50 and £75 a year, and this explains why Portuguese industry is currently undergoing a crisis of underconsumption, why share values have fallen 50 per cent in the last six months, and why the textile industry is working half-time.

It may be asked, who benefits from the regime? The 2,000 big landowners, of course, who have been allowed to revive many of the old feudal customs which were abolished when the republic was founded in 1910. The colonial trading firms, which purchase from the government immensely valuable monopolies in import, export, mining and processing. The generals, party bosses, ministers and deputies who are sweetened by the occasional sleeping directorship (I know of one cabinet minister who has £1.5 m. salted away in three Swiss safe-deposits, one in his wife's name, two in that of his mistress.) Most of all the Church, now the state's biggest shareholder, which has employed the last 31 years in putting into practice a sort of inverted model of Mr Gaitskell's state-shares plan. The Society of Jesus controls the hydro-electric power industry. The Dominicans, who were driven out of the inquisition business by the Marquis of Pombal, now have a gratifying slice of the concrete market. And the Cardinal-Patriarch of Lisbon, when not presiding over miracles at Fatima, takes a healthy interest in textiles. The Church, indeed, is really the supreme power in the land, controlling government policy through an organisation curiously entitled the Academic Centre of Christian Democracy (CADC), a select grouping of senior prelates and ministers, of which the Patriarch and Salazar are leading members. Indeed, Salazar, who was trained by the Dominicans and is said to have taken tertiary orders, is a clerical figure himself, living austerely with an elderly housekeeper variously known as la Señora Maria, *la gouvernante*—*pace* Madame de Maintenon—and 'the Blessed Virgin'.

To preserve this ramshackle pyramid of wealth and privilege, Salazar has constructed a police regime of singular ferocity and efficiency. The laws abolishing basic civil liberties and legalising political persecution have been ably analysed by Mr Gerald Gardiner in recent issues of the *Manchester Guardian*. Here I will make only two points. *Habeas corpus*, though recognised in Portuguese law, has no real existence: only one writ has been successfully issued since the war, and since lawyers can be heavily fined for issuing unsuccessful writs, the practice has virtually lapsed. Secondly, Portuguese law recognises the totalitarian principle of the political crime of intention. Opponents of the regime can thus be preventively detained, without charge or trial, for six-month periods, which can be renewed indefinitely on the advice of the police. Very many of the liberals and Socialists to whom I talked had been in prison, often several times; one had spent 17 years detention in the island of Timor; none had been granted the luxury of a trial.

Salazar's complex police apparatus numbers over 100,000 in all—being thus twice the size of the army. Indeed, the political police, which was trained by Nazi specialists, has now been equipped with tanks and artillery and organised on military lines. The main political prisons are at Caxias (this is the most important), Aljube and Monsano; but there are, in addition, two known concentration camps, at Tarrafal off Cape Verde and in the African colony of Angola. Prisoners sent to these camps do not return. Torture is regularly and systematically employed to extract information and confessions, and the methods used sometimes end in death; indeed, at this moment, on the insistence of a number of lawyers, some of them pro-regime, an official inquiry is being conducted into the cases of two students whom the government claims 'committed suicide' in prison earlier this year.

Yet, since the collapse of Hitler, Salazar has been acutely anxious to achieve democratic respectability in western eyes, above all with his allies in the Atlantic Pact. His own views on the subject have been made quite clear. 'I am,' he said in 1938, 'anti-liberal, anti-parliamentarian and anti-democratic.' 'Democracy,' said one of his deputies last week, 'is an insidious disease which we must combat by strengthening ourselves with the vitamins of love of family and country, and fear of God.' But in 1945 Salazar compromised by ordering elections, which have since been held every four years. No opposition candidate has ever been returned at any of them. This Sunday Portugal goes to the polls once again, and nobody doubts that all Salazar's candidates will be duly elected. My main purpose in visiting Portugal was to find out how these gratifying results are obtained.

In Portugal, all political parties, with the exception of Salazar's own National Union and a pro-regime monarchist group, are banned; the opposition can thus engage in legal activities only during the 40-day period which precedes each election. Not unnaturally, they are divided on the tactics they should pursue. This Spring, a civil liberties organisation was formed to obtain from the government three basic guarantees: (1) publication of, or at least access to, the electoral roll; (2) ballot papers which would ensure secrecy of the vote; (3) the presence of independent observers during the counting. All three conditions have been refused. Indeed, if, as seems certain, the precedent of previous elections is followed, the presidents of the voting booths will examine all ballot-papers, and the names of those voting for opposition candidates will be noted by a Ministry of the Interior official. In view of the wide variety of pressures, both political and economic, which the government can exert, this alone will ensure the return of Salazar's candidates. But a further guarantee is the actual composition of the electoral roll. Although, in theory, all literate ratepayers can vote, many of Portugal's most distinguished writers and lawyers, doctors and university professors, are not included on the roll. Instead, it is padded out with those who can be marshalled into support of the regime: priests, nuns, seminarists, soldiers and members of women's Catholic organisations. In the 1953 elections, in the district of Moscavide, for instance, out of 866 names on the register, there were 250 priests, monks, nuns and lay-brothers, 100 members of the Women's Catholic Action, and 50 teachers and scholars from a religious college. In Campo Grande, 26 per cent of women on the list were nuns; in Santo Amaroand Da Povoa, out of a vote of 123, there

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Bertrand Russell's God
by Kingsley Martin

The Chancellor's False Trail
by Thomas Balogh

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were 94 women—mainly illiterate members of Catholic Action. In some areas, army units were marched to the poll and told how to vote by their officers; in one Lisbon district, 20 girls from the Juventude Catolica, aged 16–17, were allowed to vote by the authorities.

In view of this experience, and their total failure to obtain the guarantees they asked for, many opposition leaders—particularly those who have organised the Social Democrat Directory—decided to boycott the elections, believing that by doing so they would frustrate Salazar's attempt to convince the West that he governs by popular consent. Others, arguing that Salazar's greatest asset is apathy, and that the 40-day electoral period does at least allow them to make a gesture of defiance, have gone ahead and put up lists of candidates in four out of the 19 electoral districts: Lisbon, Oporto, Aveiro and Braga. In Lisbon, the opposition list was disallowed on a legal technicality, but in the three other areas Salazar is faced with some sort of fight.

It is not, of course, a fair one. Since they do not have access to the roll, opposition candidates cannot canvass by post. They are allowed no times on radio or TV (there are interminable broadcasts of NU meetings). They cannot stick up posters. The press censorship has not been lifted; indeed, editors assured me that it had become more intense since the campaign opened. Galley proofs of all articles must be submitted, in duplicate, to the Censorship Commission; they are then returned marked 'hold', 'censored' or 'passed with cuts'. In fact, the censors not only cut unfavourable references to the regime but add words, phrases and even whole paragraphs which entirely reverse the meaning of the original statement, and which editors then have no alternative but to publish. Editors are further obliged to publish lengthy statements from the NU or government departments, often refuting opposition statements disallowed by the censors, to the consequent mystification of their wretched readers. Since censorship delays frequently lead to missed delivery trains, most newspapers find it more convenient simply to report NU meetings and leave it at that; and the only paper which gives a genuine hearing to the opposition case is the small-circulation *Republica*. The NU party paper, *Diario da Manha*, is, needless to say, exempt from the rigours of censorship.

And meetings? Since 1949, when the opposition campaign drew a crowd of 150,000 to an open-air gathering in Oporto, all open-air or street meetings have been banned by law. The sole activity thus open to the opposition is to hire cinemas or theatres, which must be booked well in advance, and to which admission is by ticket only. Despite these limitations, the meeting I attended in the Coliseu Theatre in Oporto was the most moving and exciting I have ever witnessed. All of the 3,000 seats had been sold; and the streets outside were packed with a struggling mass of men and women desperately anxious to get in. Scruffy black-marketers, of the type who are usually more anxious to sell you their sisters, offered me wads of *escudos* for my ticket. Inside, the vast audience listened, rapt, to a stream of oratory which went on from 9.30 to 12.45. But the candidates had to watch their words: before the meeting, I heard a police captain brief the chairman on the phrases and sentiments which must not be expressed. The police do not hesitate to close any meeting at which these rules are broken. Even so, the waves of enthusiasm which rippled and echoed round the vast walls of the amphitheatre convinced me that, even on Salazar's terms, it was worth while to fight the election.

The real fear of the Portuguese liberals is that this will be their last opportunity. Salazar no longer feels it so important to pay lip-service to democracy. The Queen's visit has set the stamp of western approval on his regime; and, when he was last in Lisbon, Sir David Eccles, speaking as a minister, was careful to praise Salazar in fulsome terms. Franco's latest statement, that the Spanish type of regime is the prototype of the future, was quoted with riotous enthusiasm in the government press. After Sunday, Salazar intends to introduce a constitutional reform which will abolish the Assembly and replace it with a corporative legislature whose members will be appointed, not elected. Already, many Portuguese, despairing of constitutional means, are beginning to look elsewhere for help. Many of the younger army officers, who are miserably paid, are smouldering with anger while their weapons and responsibilities are transferred to the political police. And the liberals say: 'All we ask from Britain and America is that, when the day of reckoning arrives, they will not come to Salazar's aid'. Is it a lot to ask of the world's two greatest democracies?

PAUL JOHNSON

Britain and the Nuclear Bombs

Two events of this autumn should compel us to reconsider the question of Britain and the nuclear bombs. The first of these events was Mr Aneurin Bevan's speech at the Labour Party conference, which seemed to many of us to slam a door in our faces. It was not dishonest but it was very much a party conference speech, and its use of terms like 'unilateral' and 'polarisation' lent it a suggestion of the 'Foreign Office spokesman'. Delegates asked not to confuse 'an emotional spasm' with 'statesmanship' might have retorted that the statesmanship of the last ten years has produced little else but emotional spasms. And though it is true, as Mr Bevan argued, that independent action by this country, to ban nuclear bombs, would involve our foreign minister in many difficulties, most of us would rather have a bewildered and overworked Foreign Office than a country about to be turned into a radio-active cemetery. Getting out of the water may be difficult but it is better than drowning.

The second event was the successful launching of the Soviet satellite, followed by an immediate outbreak of what may fairly be called *satellitis*, producing a rise in temperature and signs of delirium. In the poker game, where Britain still sits, nervously fingering a few remaining chips, like a Treasury official playing with two drunk oil millionaires, the stakes have been doubled again. Disarmament talks must now take place in an atmosphere properly belonging to boys' papers and science fiction, though already charged with far more hysterical competitiveness. If statesmanship is to see us through, it will have to break the familiar and dubious pattern of the last few years. Perhaps what we need now, before it is too late, is not statesmanship but lifemanship.

One 'ultimate weapon', the final deterrent, succeeds another. After the bombs, the intercontinental rockets; and after the rockets, according to the First Lord of the Admiralty, the guided-missile submarine, which will 'carry a guided missile with a nuclear warhead and appear off the coasts of any country in the world with a capability of penetrating to the centre of any continent'. The prospect now is not of countries without navies but of navies without countries. And we have arrived at an insane regress of ultimate weapons that are not ultimate.

But all this is to the good; and we cannot have too much of it, we are told, because no men in their right minds would let loose such powers of destruction. Here is the realistic view. Any criticism of it is presumed to be based on wild idealism. But surely it is the wildest idealism, at the furthest remove from a sober realism, to assume that men will always behave reasonably and in line with their best interests? Yet this is precisely what we are asked to believe, and to stake our all on it.

For that matter, why should it be assumed that the men who create and control such monstrous devices *are* in their right minds? They live in an unhealthy mental climate, an atmosphere dangerous to sanity. They are responsible to no large body of ordinary sensible men and women, who pay for these weapons without ever having ordered them, who have never been asked anywhere yet if they wanted them. When and where have these preparations for nuclear warfare ever been put to the test of public opinion? We cannot even follow the example of the young man in the limerick and ask *Who does what and with which and to whom?* The whole proceedings take place in the stifling secrecy of an expensive lunatic asylum. And as one ultimate weapon after another is added to the pile, the mental climate deteriorates, the atmosphere thickens, and the tension is such that soon something may snap.

The more elaborately involved and hair-triggered the machinery of destruction, the more likely it is that this machinery will be set in motion, if only by accident. Three glasses too many of vodka or bourbon-on-the-rocks, and the wrong button may be pushed. Combine this stock-piling of nuclear weapons with a crazy competitiveness, boastful confidence in public and a mounting fear in private, and what was unthinkable a few years ago now at the best only seems unlikely and very soon may seem inevitable. Then western impatience cries 'Let's get the damned thing over!' and eastern fatalism mutters 'If this has to be, then we must accept it'. And people in general are now in a worse position every year, further away from intervention; they have less and less freedom of action; they are deafened and blinded by propaganda and giant headlines; they are robbed of decision by fear or apathy.

It is possible, as some thinkers hold, that our civilisation is bent on self-destruction, hurriedly planning its own doomsday. This may explain, better than any wearisome recital of plot and counter-plot in terms of world power, the curious and sinister air of somnambulism there is about our major international affairs, the steady drift from bad to worse, the speeches that begin to sound meaningless, the conferences that achieve nothing, all the persons of great consequence who somehow seem like puppets. We have all known people in whom was sown the fatal seed of self-destruction, people who would sit with us making sensible plans and then go off and quietly bring them to nothing, never really looking for anything but death. Our industrial civilisation, behaving in a similar fashion, may be under the same kind of spell, hell-bent on murdering itself. But it is possible that the spell can be broken. If it can, then it will only be by an immensely decisive gesture, a clear act of will. Instead of endless bargaining for a little of this in exchange for a little of that, while all the time the bargainers are being hurried down a road that gets steeper and narrower, somebody will have to say 'I'm through with all this'.

In plain words: now that Britain has told the world she has the H-bomb she should announce as early as possible that she has done with it, that she proposes to reject, in all circumstances, nuclear warfare. This is not pacifism. There is no suggestion here of abandoning the immediate defence of this island. Indeed, it might well be considerably strengthened, reducing the threat of actual invasion, which is the root fear in people's minds, a fear often artfully manipulated for purposes far removed from any defence of hearth and home. (This is of course the exact opposite of the views expressed at the Tory conference by Mr Sandys, who appears to believe that bigger and bigger bombs and rockets in more and more places, if necessary, thousands of miles away, will bring us peace and prosperity.) No, what should be abandoned is the idea of deterrence-by-threat-of-retaliation. There is no real security in it, no decency in it, no faith, hope, nor charity in it.

But let us take a look at our present policy entirely on its own low level. There is no standing still, no stalemates, in this idiot game; one 'ultimate weapon' succeeds another. To stay in the race at all, except in an ignominious position, we risk bankruptcy, the disappearance of the Welfare State, a standard of living that might begin to make Communist propaganda sound more attractive than it does at present. We could in fact be so busy, inspired by the indefatigable Mr Sandys, defending ourselves against Communism somewhere else, a long way off, that we could wake up one morning to hear it knocking on the back door. Indeed, this is Moscow's old *heads-I-win-tails-you-lose* policy.

Here we might do well to consider western world strategy, first grandiloquently proclaimed by Sir Winston in those speeches he made in America just after the war. The Soviet Union was to be held in leash by nuclear power. We had the bomb and they hadn't. The race would be on but the West had a flying start. But Russia was not without physicists, and some German scientists and highly trained technicians had disappeared somewhere in eastern Europe. For the immediate defence of West Germany, the atom bomb threat no doubt served its turn. But was this really sound long-term strategy? It created the unhealthy climate, the poisonous atmosphere of our present time. It set the Russians galloping in the nuclear race. It freed them from the immense logistic problems that must be solved if large armies are to be moved everywhere, and from some very tricky problems of morale that would soon appear once the Red Army was a long way from home. It encouraged the support of so-called peoples' and nationalistic and anti-colonial wars, not big enough to be settled by nuclear weapons. In spite of America's ring of advanced air bases, the race had only to be run a little longer to offer Russia at least an equally good set-up, and, in comparison with Britain alone, clearly an enormously better set-up.

We are like a man in a poker game who never dare cry 'I'll see you'. The Soviet Union came through the last war because it had vast spaces and a large population and a ruthless disregard of losses, human and material. It still has them. Matched against this overcrowded island with its intricate urban organisation, at the last dreadful pinch – and party dictators made to feel unsure of their power can pinch quicker than most democratic leaders – the other side possesses all the advantages. If there is one country that should never have gambled in this game, it is Britain. Once the table stakes were being raised, the chips piling up, we were out. And though we may have been fooling ourselves, we have not been fooling anybody else.

This answers any gobbling cries about losing our national prestige. We have none, in terms of power. (The world has still respect and admiration for our culture, and we are busy reducing that respect and admiration by starving it. The cost of a few bombs might have made all the difference.) We ended the war high in the world's regard. We could have taken over its moral leadership, spoken and acted for what remained of its conscience; but we chose to act otherwise – with obvious and melancholy consequences both abroad, where in power politics we cut a shabby figure, and at home, where we shrug it all away or go to the theatre to applaud the latest jeers and sneers at Britannia. It has been said we cannot send our ministers naked to the conference table. But the sight of a naked minister might bring to the conference some sense of our human situation. What we do is something much worse: we send them there half-dressed, half-smart, half-tough, half-apologetic, figures inviting contempt. That is why we are so happy and excited when we can send abroad a good-looking young woman in a pretty new dress to represent us, playing the only card we feel can take a trick – the Queen.

It is argued, as it was most vehemently by Mr Bevan at Brighton, that if we walked out of the nuclear arms race then the world would be 'polarised' between America and the Soviet Union, without any hope of mediation between the two fixed and bristling camps. 'Just consider for a moment,' he cried, 'all the little nations running, one here and one there, one running to Russia, the other to the US, all once more clustering under the castle wall . . .' But surely this is one of those 'realistic' arguments that are not based on reality. The idea of the Third Force was rejected by the very party Mr Bevan was addressing. The world was polarised when, without a single protest from all the noisy guardians of our national pride, parts of East Anglia ceased to be under our control and became an American air base. We cannot at one and the same time be both an independent power, bargaining on equal terms, and a minor ally or satellite. If there are little nations that do not run for shelter to the walls of the White House or the Kremlin because they are happy to accept Britain as their nuclear umbrella, we hear very little about them. If it is a question of brute power, this argument is unreal.

It is not entirely stupid, however, because something more than brute power is involved. There is nothing unreal in the idea of a third nation, especially one like ours, old and experienced in world affairs, possessing great political traditions, to which other and smaller nations could look while the two new giants mutter and glare at each other. But it all depends what that nation is doing. If it is still in the nuclear gamble, without being able to control or put an end to the game, then that nation is useless to others, is frittering away its historical prestige, and the polarisation, which Mr Bevan sees as the worst result of our rejection of nuclear warfare, is already an accomplished fact. And if it is, then we must ask ourselves what we can do to break this polarity, what course of action on our part might have some hope of changing the world situation. To continue doing what we are doing will not change it. Even during the few weeks since Mr Bevan made his speech the world is becoming more rigidly and dangerously polarised than ever, just because the Russians have sent a metal football circling the globe. What then can Britain do to de-polarise the world?

The only move left that can mean anything is to go into reverse, decisively rejecting nuclear warfare. This gives the world something quite different from the polarised powers: there is now a country that can make H-bombs but decides against them. Had Britain taken this decision some years ago the world would be a safer and saner place than it is today. But it is still not too late. And such a move will have to be 'unilateral'; doomsday may arrive before the nuclear powers reach any agreement; and it is only a decisive 'unilateral' move that can achieve the moral force it needs to be effective.

It will be a hard decision to take because all habit is against it. Many persons of consequence and their entourages of experts would have to think fresh thoughts. They would have to risk losing friends and not influencing people. For example, so far as they involve nuclear warfare, our commitments to Nato, Seato and the rest, and our obligations to the Commonwealth, would have to be sharply adjusted. Anywhere from Brussels to Brisbane, reproaches would be hurled, backs would be turned. But what else have these countries to suggest, what way out, what hope for man? And if, to save our souls and this planet, we are willing to remain here and take certain risks, why should we falter because we might have complaints from Rhodesia and reproaches from Christchurch, N.Z.? And it might not be a bad idea if the Nato peoples armed themselves to defend themselves, taking their rifles to the ranges at the week-end, like the Swiss.

American official and service opinion would be dead against us, naturally. The unsinkable (but expendable) aircraft carrier would have gone. Certain Soviet bases allotted to British nuclear attack would have to be included among the targets of the American Strategic Air Service. And so on and so forth. But though service chiefs and their staffs go on examining and marking the maps and planning their logistics, having no alternative but resignation, they are as fantastic and unreal in their way as their political and diplomatic colleagues are in theirs. What is fantastic and unreal is their assumption that they are traditionally occupied with their professional duties, attending in advance to the next war, Number Three in the world series. But what will happen – and one wrong report by a sleepy observer might start it off – will not be anything recognisable as a war, an affair of victories and defeats, something that one side can win or that you can call off when you have had enough. It will be universal catastrophe and apocalypse, the crack of doom into which Communism, western democracy, their way of life and our way of life, may disappear for ever. And it is not hard to believe that this is what some of our contemporaries really desire, that behind their photogenic smiles and cheerful patter nothing exists but the death wish.

We live in the thought of this prospect as if we existed in a permanent smog. All sensible men and women – and this excludes most of those who are in the *V.I.P.-Highest-Priority-Top-Secret-Top-People Class*, men now so conditioned by this atmosphere of power politics, intrigue, secrecy, insane invention, that they are more than half-

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barmy – have no illusions about what is happening to us, and know that those responsible have made two bad miscalculations. First, they have prostituted so much science in their preparations for war that they have completely changed the character of what they are doing, without any equivalent change in the policies of and relations between states. Foreign affairs, still conducted as if the mobilisation of a few divisions might settle something, are now backed with push-button arrangements to let loose earthquakes and pestilences and pronounce the death sentences of continents. This leaves us all in a worse dilemma than the sorcerer's apprentice. The second miscalculation assumed that if the odds were only multiplied fast enough, your side would break through because the other side would break down. And because this has not happened, a third illusion is being welcomed, namely, that now, with everything piling up, poker chips flung on the table by the handful, the tension obviously increasing, now at last we are arriving at an acknowledged drawn game, a not-too-stale stalemate, a cosy old balance of power. This could well be the last of our illusions.

The risk of our rejecting nuclear warfare, totally and in all circumstances, is quite clear, all too easy to understand. We lose such bargaining power as we now possess. We have no deterrent to a nuclear threat. We deliberately exchange 'security' for insecurity. (And the fact that some such exchange is recommended by the major religions, in their earlier and non-establishment phases, need not detain us here.) But the risk is clear and the arguments against running it quite irrefutable, only if we refuse, as from the first too many of us here have refused, to take anything but short-term conventional views, only if we will not follow any thought to its conclusion. Our 'hard-headed realism' is neither hard-headed nor realistic just because it insists on our behaving in a new world as if we were still living in an old world, the one that has been replaced.

Britain runs the greatest risk by just mumbling and muddling along, never speaking out, avoiding any decisive creative act. For a world in which our deliberate 'insecurity' would prove to be our undoing is not a world in which real security could be found. As the game gets faster, the competition keener, the unthinkable will turn into the inevitable, the weapons will take command, and the deterrents will not deter. Our bargaining power is slight; the force of our example might be great. The catastrophic antics of our time have behind them men hag-ridden by fear, which explains the neurotic irrationality of it all, the crazy disproportion between means and ends. If we openly challenge this fear, then we might break the wicked spell that all but a few uncertified lunatics desperately wish to see broken, we could begin to restore the world to sanity and lift this nation from its recent ignominy to its former grandeur. Alone, we defied Hitler; and alone we can defy this nuclear madness into which the spirit of Hitler seems to have passed, to poison the world. There may be other chain-reactions besides those leading to destruction; and we might start one. The British of these times, so frequently hiding their decent, kind faces behind masks of sullen apathy or sour, cheap cynicism, often seem to be waiting for something better than party squabbles and appeals to their narrowest self-interest, something great and noble in its intention that would make them feel good again. And this might well be a declaration to the world that after a certain date one power able to engage in nuclear warfare will reject the evil thing for ever.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

London Diary

SINCE commercial TV started the BBC has tried hard to hold its share of the available audience by competing at all levels—and that often meant reaching down to the lowest of common denominators. Now, I'm glad to see, its Director of Television, Mr Gerald Beadle, has chosen the 21st birthday celebrations to announce a welcome change of line. In his speech on Tuesday he frankly admitted that ITV will eventually get more than half the total viewing public. The largest regular public must, after all, be the aim of the businessmen who run commercial TV; they have to satisfy their advertisers. The BBC, Mr Beadle reminds us, is under no such obligation. Good. And Mr Beadle added that, on an American visit, many people told him how much they wished they had something equivalent to the BBC—'at least one channel devoted to the interests of the American people as human beings and not merely as buyers of deodorants and canned beer'. The BBC could do no better than to fulfil Gerald Beadle's promise to devote itself 'to satisfying the requirements of an educated democracy'. Which involves abandoning royal and other soft-soap opera.

* * *

I am glad I shall not be in Lord Listowel's shoes when he arrives in Accra as first Governor-General of independent Ghana. No one could be better suited for the job; he has an admirable 'anti-colonial' record in India, Burma, Cyprus and elsewhere; he has high hopes of Ghana and the most constitutional of temperaments. Yet I would not be in his shoes. Krobo Edusei has already announced that the opposition intend to make an anti-government demonstration on his arrival, and if so, Krobo will ruthlessly suppress them. For the first time he has mentioned by name the leaders he is obviously itching to arrest. Amongst them there is Danquah, one of the original independence committee which appointed Nkrumah its secretary. The CPP leaders hate him; they say that his ideas are poisonous. But his thesis (Nkrumah himself made the point) is that Ghana people have always, when choosing a new chief, made him realise that his duty is to serve their interests, and that if he oppresses them they will find a way of destooling him. Krobo also 'named' Busia – particularly hateful because an intellectual – and Apiah, the husband of Peggy Cripps. A disturbing prospect for the new Governor-General. Even worse – unless Nkrumah changes his mind in time – he will be almost at once asked to sign a bill giving Edusei unrestricted power to shut up anyone who says anything he doesn't like. If this bill is put through constitutionally, Lord Listowel will have the right to advise against it but not to refuse to sign it.

* * *

The men who inspired the Hungarian revolution were for the most part writers and journalists. Even now, after a year of suppression, the Kadar regime has not succeeded in silencing them. True, many of them have been arrested, and this week there has been a secret trial at which Tibor Dery, Gyala Hay, Zoltan Zelk and Tibor Tardos have been accused of promoting the 'counter-revolution'. But I hear from Budapest that Dery has been saying courageously that he accepts full responsibility for what he wrote and that he will retract none of it. There is, moreover, a new publication called *Kortars*, in which the contributors are still talking in the language of the 'thaw'; they will have nothing to do with the regime's double-think nor with its demand that they subscribe to its fantasies about American spies and criminal conspiracies against the 'workers' power'. In this whole affair the writers have played an extraordinary role. It is to commemorate what they achieved, and to strengthen their resolution by showing that they are not forgotten, that this journal is joining with the Hungarian Writers' Association and *Tribune* to hold a joint anniversary meeting next Monday, 4 November, at 7.30 in the Caxton Hall. The speakers will include Paul Ignotus, who was a leading member of the Writers' Union in the revolution, Michael Foot, V. S. Pritchett, Kingsley Martin and, from Paris, Albert Camus – provided he has recovered from the flu.

* * *

If we do wise and good things in the West, we do them almost by stealth. How many people are ever told, for instance, about our part in the Colombo Plan, which has just finished its ninth annual meeting in Saigon? We have spent altogether since 1951, £92 million in rewarding and far-sighted schemes for helping countries that are technically backward. The training scheme is the key. Hospitals, schools and tractors cannot be 'supplied'; whether they exist in the future depends on whether the next generation is trained to run them. Importing foreign technicians is no answer. To get a real idea of what is happening you need to look at newspapers published in Burma, Indonesia, Ceylon or Nepal. Here are photographs of Burmese trainees, for instance, learning accounting methods with the post office and telephone authorities in Canada; of trainees studying electrical engineering and similar subjects in New Zealand; of mass education organisers on a course in social welfare at Swansea University. Australia tops the list. Out of 4,000 students trained under the Colombo Plan, 1,600 have gone to Australia, 1,300 to the UK, 500 to Canada, and 450 to India. There are a lot of incidental advantages. A young Burmese officer, who recently graduated at Sydney, said: 'Categorically I can say that there is no colour prejudice on a social basis in Australia. Men are not only judged to be equal; what is just as important is that they seem to be accepted by each other as equals.' Geographically, he pointed out, Australia is Asian; should not Asian languages be given a place in Australian colleges?

* * *

I was much intrigued by the report this week that an Englishwoman, Mrs Dunsheath, had been up Elbruz, the highest point in the Caucasus, and I've been asking my mountaineering acquaintances about it. I gather that Mrs Dunsheath (who drove overland to the Himalayas last year) has scored not just in getting to the top of Elbruz – not a technically difficult mountain – but in climbing in the Caucasus at all; the first Briton to do so since the war. Russians take their climbing very seriously, and it is a highly disciplined sport. Climbers are allowed on to a mountain only after regular training and with organised groups; you are not allowed to climb Peak B unless you have a certificate saying you have climbed Peak A. It may be this difference of approach from our more individualistic attitude that has so far held up permission for the British parties who have tried and are trying to go out to the Caucasus. They, of course, would like the same freedom to explore and to choose their routes that their predecessors – from Freshfield's party in the Sixties to Hodgkin's just before the last war – enjoyed in these magnificent mountains; and that they themselves enjoy in the Andes and Himalayas today. Certainly the Alpine Club is doing all it can to

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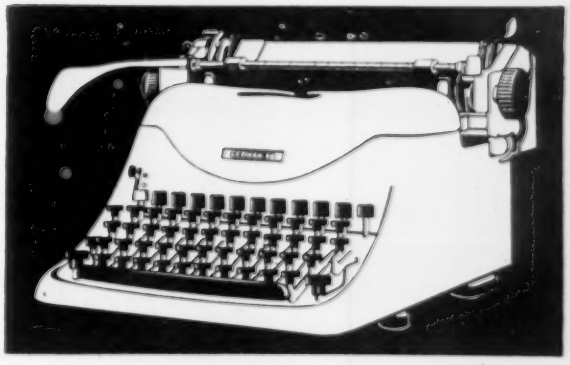

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make contact: a couple of years ago it invited two Russian climbers over here, and it hopes to have Russian guests at its centenary dinner next week.

* * *

D. H. Lawrence remarked that 'if men were as much men as lizards are lizards they'd be worth looking at'. In the tropics I am always similarly fascinated by this swift, silent, and, I was going to say, innocent race. But I must withdraw 'innocent'. They are all sizes and colours; they prefer to rest perpendicularly on walls. If you think they are asleep and try to put your hand on one, he flicks to the top of the wall like a whip-lash, sometimes, however, carelessly leaving his tail hanging over. If you catch hold of the tail he leaves it behind in your hand. After a meal he will come down from the verandah wall and pick up crumbs under the table. You won't catch him if you try and no one does try. The most attractive of the tribe are the little transparent geckos who live behind the curtains and pictures, make an odd noise that is said to be a mating cry, and in the evening come out on the walls lying absolutely still until, it may be a yard off, they see a fly to stalk. They will take five minutes in their cautious approach and the fraction of a second in making the final dart and swallow. When they have engulfed a great many flies, you can see their stomachs turn dark. But this is not the reason why I deny them the title of innocent. The fate of the flies doesn't move me. Where I did get a shock was when a large lizard from outside treated a gecko exactly as the gecko treats the fly. One chop, and the gecko was inside.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

You report that Epping Forest authorities want to shoot a white deer because it may spoil the purity of a herd of black ones through inter-breeding. I think it should be left to the deer to decide for themselves what colour they wish their offspring to be.—Letter in *Evening Standard*. (Mrs N. F. Simpson.)

A wife threw 'almost every form of domestic utensil' at her husband, said Mr Justice Karminski in the Divorce Court today. But she was not cruel, he decided, for on almost every occasion she missed.—*Evening Standard*. (Henry Kay.)

Miss M. Chave Collisson, secretary of the Association for Moral and Social Hygiene, who said she was over 60, said men whistled at her when she walked down Tottenham Court Road, London, late at night. She asked a policeman at the end of the road, 'What would happen if I went over and spoke to one of these men?', and he replied, 'I would arrest you for soliciting'.—*Manchester Guardian*. (L. F. Clark.)

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The Ballad of Mac The Knife

'What bloody man is that?' (*Macbeth*, Act. I, Scene II)

As it befell on Hallowe'en
Auld Mac lay ben abed,
He couldna sleep frae fear o' Bleep
An' a hondrith mones a' red.

Nou quhat avails, quo' Mac the Knife,
Baud bluidy knaves an a'?
We didna ken, wi' cross-bow men,
Hoo death an' hell doon fa'.

For I am laird o' mickle londe,
But churls ha' pressed me ill,
Yenoughe to dretch a daffish wretch
Quha hadna list to kill.

A twelvemonth past, last Hallowe'en,
Sir Anthony let bluid;
Giff foot to breech wad onys teach
He had it ne'er sae guid.

An I ha' blabbed a canty piece
There wouldna be nae war
But, sooth to say, we ganged aglae
An' dree a weird fu' sore.

But Hieri-built was Hiericho
An' doon did fa' at last;
Yon Bleep an' a' wad surely fa'
Quhen we blaw mickle blast.

Bid braw Macbeth send witches three,
Bring warlocks frae the West,
Wi' bell an' book an' gobbledegook
An' anither weapon test.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

The Gentle Art of Lying

To ageing practitioners like myself, books about the press are always enthralling. (This, however, does not apply to fiction and plays on the subject, which mostly seem silly.) Mr T. S. Matthews's latest contribution, *The Sugar Pill* (Gollancz, 18s.), provides a somewhat diffuse account of two British newspapers, the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Daily Mirror*. Its conclusion, as the title implies, may be considered the rather obvious one that today:

> The press bears almost the same relation to news as the American drugstore to pharmacy; it is possible to get a prescription filled at a drugstore, but drugs are a very small part of its business, and most of its customers are attracted by the soda fountain, the book-racks, the tobacco counter, the fountain pens, rubber goods, etc., etc. There are still a few old firms which confine themselves strictly to pharmaceutical business, but they are in a dwindling minority. It's the same way with the press; it sells news more and more as a sideline, and attracts its customers mainly by its soda fountains, pipe-racks and "biologicals."

All this, of course, is perfectly true; but the question remains—to what extent do newspapers, compounded on a drugstore basis, exert power and influence? One's natural inclination is to reply with considerable scepticism, pointing out that whenever, say, Lord Beaverbrook's vast publicity machine espouses a cause, it is automatically lost, and that to be championed by him, as, for instance, Sir Anthony Eden was, is a misfortune which any politician must dread. Lately, however, it has been brought to my attention, in a decidedly disagreeable manner, that numbers of people actually believe, and are even prepared to act upon, the distortions and malignities of the *Sunday Express*.

Thus, as a result of a flagrantly garbled account which appeared in two Sunday newspapers of a long article I had written on the subject of the monarchy in an American magazine, I was subjected to numerous personal annoyances, put under a temporary ban by the BBC, sacked by a rival Sunday newspaper which I had just joined as a columnist, bombarded with offensive telephone calls and letters, the more illiterate and obscene of which seemed, from their notepaper, to emanate from middle-class sources.

This, I hasten to add, is not at all intended to be a tale of martyrdom. The Sunday newspaper in question was not one with which it was any particular joy or pride to be associated, and as for the letters—they were more pitiable than alarming. Also, there were plenty of other letters from strangers which were very sweet and reassuring, and other newspapers—notably the two to which Mr Matthews's study is devoted, as well as the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Herald*—which were just and impartial in their treatment of this foolish incident.

No, the point I am trying to make is that Mr Matthews's Sugar Pill can contain some very noxious matter under its covering, and that the systems of those who habitually swallow it can become poisoned thereby. Far from being, as old pros like Mr Matthews (he is a former editor of *Time* magazine) like to believe, immunised by constant injections of half-truths, distortions, quotations torn out of context and otherwise garbled, a chronic condition of credulity is set up which can have most dangerous consequences, individually and collectively.

This exercise in the gentle art of lying in which certain newspapers habitually indulge, this presentation day by day of a fantasy which grows ever more remote from reality, is not just, as Mr Matthews would seem to suggest, a juke-box relaxation, but an ominous social symptom. It does not really matter whether the purpose of the fantasy is character-assassination, or to please the handful of advertising tycoons into whose hands the newspaper and magazine industry is increasingly falling, or to satisfy the spite or power-mania of a press lord, or just to procure a synthetic sensational story. Whatever its object may be, the fact is that the public is being fed all the time a harmful narcotic whose effect is to transform rational, decent human beings into members of a Gadarene herd.

After all, our way of life depends for its validity, more than on anything else, on the assumption that every honest—and, for that matter, dishonest—point of view should be permitted expression, that every joke should be made, and every line of speculation, whatever its direction, should be pursued to the uttermost limit to which human courage, ingenuity and understanding can take it. If this is not so, then what are we but a limbo or no-man's-land between two contending power systems?—a limbo haunted by the commonplace assumptions and muzzy convictions of advertisers, cigar-smoked and brandy-cured, lingering over an expense-account luncheon or dinner.

What is to be the end of this process? It will certainly lead, if it goes on, to the extinction of such freedom of the press as remains. A few huge newspaper and magazine trusts, utterly dependent

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on advertisers, will increasingly dominate the scene, prepared to engage in any sort of sensational stunt and utterly indifferent to standards, however rudimentary, of accuracy and fairness. Such newspapers and magazines will, admittedly, exercise little or no direct power, in the sense of being able to swing an election or unseat a government or minister; but they will all the while be corroding away the very foundation of our kind of society – which is the capacity and readiness of the individual citizen to form an individual informed judgment about the dilemmas, both large and small, which this age presents.

There is a nightmare which often assails me. I imagine myself waking up one morning and finding that England has become overnight a monolithic, totalitarian state, without anyone noticing; without any revolution of the left or of the right, or any large constitutional controversy or last stand by defenders of individual liberty. The two party machines, without abating Lord Hailsham's bell or Mr Bevan's furious eloquence, have coalesced: in all key positions – the Bank of England, Printing House Square, Broadcasting House, etc. – a complacant managerial figure has been posted: all radio and TV channels are turned over to a royal broadcast, in which the Queen, seated with her family, appeals to the people to work together for the common good: the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Moderator of the Church of Scotland and other like dignitaries, announce a day of prayer and thanksgiving, and even King Street hangs out flags because Harry Pollitt has been made Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Education and Mr Palme Dutt a governor of the BBC. As for the press – like Old Man River, it just has to go rolling, or rather lying, along.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

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England, Their England

LAST November, Colonel Blimp, Captain Waterhouse and their followers painted, unwittingly, a tragically revealing portrait of *their* England. A year later, at the anniversary of Suez, we may pause to ask whether the portrait is still a likeness; whether the Colonel still commands his regiment and what are the causes which he serves.

'BLISS WAS IT IN THAT DAWN –'

'Most people are filled with joy at British and French initiative.' (Letter from Terence P. Hawkins. *Manchester Guardian*, 2 Nov. 1956.)

'. . . how grand it is to hear the British lion roar –' (Letter from H. W. Bruce Jones. *Daily Telegraph*, 2 Nov. 1956.)

'It was possible that we were entering on a new age when, to reverse the famous words of Burke, chivalry began and the age of sophisters, economists, and desiccated calculators died away.' (Viscount Hinchinbrooke. *Times* Parliamentary Report, 1 Nov. 1956.)

OUR VIRTUES

'Now, thanks to the courage of the British and the French, a chance is being created of making a fresh start.' (Leader in the *Sunday Times*, 4 Nov. 1956.)

'Leadership, supplied by Britain, will have forced the issue through.' (Letter from C. J. Casserley. *Observer*, 11 Nov. 1956.)

'. . . the action and motives of the British and French Governments are bold and simple.' (Letter from Maurice Petherick. *Daily Telegraph*, 6 Nov. 1956.)

'Britain must again be the conscience of the world, as she has been so many times before. Let the world accuse us of everything else – but never of moral cowardice –' (Letter from C. R. Vaughan-Saunders. *Daily Telegraph*, 7 Nov. 1956.)

'WE DO COUNT'

'For too many years the British nation has suffered snubs and insults with loss of prestige and possessions, and today countless Britons are gratified to think the country is at last taking a firm stand –' (Letter from V. A. Lister. *Observer*, 11 Nov. 1956.)

'During my lifetime England has always put other nations in a rage . . . until recently, when there was no more rage because we had ceased to count. Now, whether we did right or wrong over the Suez Canal . . . we do once more count.' (Letter from Nan Sykes. *The Times*, 9 Nov. 1956.)

'Our prestige never stood higher; the world would say: "Here is the old British lion".' (Lord Teviot. *Times* Parliamentary Report, 9 Nov. 1956.)

'SAY THANK YOU'

'. . . the free world should be grateful to Britain and France.' (Letter from Lord Russell of Liverpool. *Daily Telegraph*, 12 Nov. 1956.)

'In the long run many countries east of Suez will be grateful to the British government.' (Leader in the *Daily Telegraph*, 26 Nov. 1956.)

'The world should recognise the sacrifices which Britain and France, acting in the interests of all, made by accepting the cease-fire. . . .' (Leader in the *Sunday Times*, 11 Nov. 1956.)

THE ENEMIES AT HOME

'We, the undersigned, have just viewed with utter disgust a demonstration against Sir Anthony Eden in Whitehall. The majority of the demonstrators were foreign students who are accepting the charity of this country and have no right to criticise; the remainder were the scum of London being blindly led.' (Letter from Federick O. Day, Angela Cove, Jean Lambert (Mrs) and Ian Newby Lambert. *Daily Telegraph*, 5 Nov. 1956.)

'. . . the opinions of a vociferous minority, however elevated their intellectual standards may be, do not of necessity correspond with those of the larger and less articulate section of our people who do not perhaps quite so readily put pen to paper, but whose judgment on basic issues is none the less sound for all that.' (Letter from Donald McI. Johnson. *Daily Telegraph*, 17 Nov. 1956.)

'INGRATITUDE, MORE STRONG THAN TRAITOR'S ARMS'

'We in Britain, of course, are not unaccustomed to America not "joining in" until the worst of a war is over.' (Letter from Cecil Cooke. *Daily Telegraph*, 3 Nov. 1956.)

'What right has America to sit in sanctimonious judgment over her greatest ally and the strongest worker for international peace in the world?' (Letter from H. W. Bruce-Jones. *Daily Telegraph*, 26 Nov. 1956.)

'The United States would be the greater if it recognised that its debt to us is far, far heavier than is ours to her.' (Letter from Maj. Gen. Sir Edward Spears. *Daily Telegraph*, 21 Nov. 1956.)

THE RIGHT WAY TO LOOK AT IT

'In my tiny world there have been occasions when a prefect goaded beyond endurance by a cheeky and disobedient small boy has, in the vernacular, "dotted him one", having – it must be noted – failed to obtain support from the Senior and Second Prefects who were, in any case, at loggerheads – US and USSR. In my experience the school's reaction has been to say: "Old So-and-so shouldn't really have done it, but young So-and-so richly deserved it, and on the whole the air has been cleared."' (Letter from H. J. O. Marshall, *Manchester Guardian*, 3 Nov. 1956.)

A PARTICULARLY WOUNDING SNUB

'President Eisenhower seems to prefer to talk to Mr Nehru, the arch-haverer against Communist outrages, before Sir Anthony Eden, the arch reactor against a Communist stooge.' (Leader in *Daily Telegraph*, 22 Nov. 1956.)

'It really is wounding to find ourselves snubbed and censured in favour of people like Col Nasser and Mr Nehru.' (Leader in the *Daily Telegraph*, 29 Nov. 1956.)

EQUALITY PROVED ABSURD

'Often the aimiable representatives of countries which, whether from size, self-interest or geographical position, have not made any sacrifices in the defence of peace find themselves not thereby inhibited from lecturing the twice-saviours of freedom in this century.' (Viscount Chandos in the *Sunday Times*, 30 Dec. 1956.)

'However theoretically desirable organisations of the League-United Nations *genre* may appear, they are a positive danger in the absence of moral parity among the member nations.' (Letter from Bryan R. Morris, *Manchester Guardian*, 7 Dec. 1956.)

'It will be very difficult, in the Assembly, to admit any extra value between the great and the small nations, still more difficult between the civilised and the comparatively uncivilised; yet, if we continue moving in the same equalitarian direc-

Scunthorpe gave European rivals something to think about

"We'll have to get busy to keep up with you," said these German experts touring Britain's modern steel works

Tapping the giant "Queen Anne" blast furnace, which has one of the largest hearth diameters in the world. In 1951 Appleby-Frodingham made 18,000 tons a week from ten blast furnaces. Now they make 28,000 tons from four.

THE BRITISH run themselves down; it's a national characteristic – or perhaps it should be called a national failing. Not unnaturally, people overseas accept our own estimate of ourselves: rather lazy, rather behind the times, rather complacent; not a patch on the Germans, of course, when it comes to work.

The German industrial journalists who toured British heavy industry earlier this year may have had some such curious notions. Certainly many suspected that the comparative cheapness of British steel was due to some form of hidden subsidy, rather than to efficient operation. When they actually saw us at work they quite frankly confessed their astonishment.

Let's look at ourselves as these others see us, in – for example – the Steel Industry.

They know what they're talking about

These men are experts on industrial questions and economics. They asked innumerable questions. They never stopped taking notes. The steel works they saw were Appleby-Frodingham at Scunthorpe and Dorman Long at Lackenby, near Middlesbrough (which "puts the newest American steel works in the shade," wrote one). They came away deeply impressed – and convinced that at home they will have to get busy to keep pace with us.

They watched the tapping of the great blast furnace "Queen Anne", which has one of the biggest hearth diameters in the world. They saw open hearth furnaces – where iron becomes steel – that can pour 300 tons of molten steel into huge ladles, 100 tons at a time. They saw a new rolling mill project, £20 million worth – three thousand feet long, covering more than 28 acres under a single roof. They saw an ore excavator whose shovel will hold a saloon car, with room to spare.

They were impressed by our plant, its design and operation, and the way it is integrated – and by the scale of planning and investment in it. One described the three-fifths of a mile long rolling mill at Lackenby as "having a beautiful dynamism." They were amazed by what Appleby-Frodingham are able to achieve with very low grade ore – ore which very few iron-masters in the world would think worth using, but which at Scunthorpe, thanks to special treatment, supports a thriving town. And one wrote, on his return to Germany, of our "amazingly low figures of coke consumption."

"Such cordial informality"

They were amazed by our workpeople. "What fine workers you have. There was an impressive intentness and thoroughness about your steel operatives." Above all they were impressed by our labour relations. "Never before have I seen such cordial informality between workers and management, especially in steel. The goodwill was so potent, so free and easy."

In the article he wrote as a result of his visit, one of these journalists summed up in these words. "*The current level of costs and prices allows the British Steel Industry not only to face Continental competition without concern, but in fact . . . producers on the Continent will hardly be able to compete.*" The British Steel Industry, he says, "*can easily retain its lead over the Continent in modernization and expansion.*"

Our visitors took back with them a picture of efficiency and enthusiasm at every level. The Steel Industry believes it is a picture that people in this country ought to see too – that everyone in Britain should know the *facts* about steel.

ISSUED BY THE BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

tion, there is real danger that not merely the British Empire but the whole "western" or "Christian" civilisation will become of less and less account.' (Gilbert Murray in the *Sunday Times*, 16 Dec. 1956.)

'. . . subjected to the scrutiny of nations incapable of understanding our unique position and responsibilities which they measure by their narrower scale. . . .' (Letter from Maj. Gen. Sir Edward Spears, *Daily Telegraph*, 1 Dec. 1956.)

THE LIKE-MINDED CLUB

'. . . the best to be hoped for is the association of like-minded powers whose common interests can be sought without their being masqueraded as universal good. We would at all events know who were our friends. . . .' (Letter from the Rev. B. M. G. Reardon. *Sunday Times*, 23 Dec. 1956.)

'. . . the time has come to consider once more the setting up by western Europe, and such of the white Dominions as will support Britain, of that "third force". . . .' (Letter from Anthony Sumption. *The Times*, 11 Dec. 1956.)

THE ALTERNATIVE

'Viscount Hinchinbrooke asked "what would be the legal position of an officer or man who refused to go into civilian clothes and to wear the polyglot armbands of the United Nations?"' (*Times* Parliamentary Report, 20 Dec. 1956.)

'. . . standing like a shorn Samson submitting to the jeering polyglot cacophony at the United Nations Assembly. . . .' (Letter from Maj. Gen. Sir Edward Spears. *Daily Telegraph*, 1 Dec. 1956.)

'. . . a collection of tiny units, all jabbering in different languages, under a Commander-in-Chief who can neither control nor comprehend his "Army".' (Letter from Gurney Braithwaite. *Daily Telegraph*, 18 Dec. 1956.)

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FLAGS FLYING

'"Capitulation" is a nasty word, and surely a wrong one, Sir, for it does not portray "facts". . . . "Triumph" would seem a better word, and more in consonance with the "facts". . . .' (Letter from Harold P. Greaves. *Daily Telegraph*, 6 Dec. 1956.)

'If the Prime Miniister has a shred of national pride left, he will order the British salvage fleet to return home with flags flying and bands playing. . . . What sort of people do people think we are?' (Letter from G. Waterhouse. *Daily Telegraph*, 18 Dec. 1956.)

POSTSCRIPT

'Owing to the defection of our allies last autumn, Col. Nasser has won a temporary victory, but the battle is not yet over, and we should not overlook the historic fact that Britain invariably loses the first round.' (Letter from Patrick Wall, MP, in the *Economist*, 18 May 1957.)

MARGHANITA LASKI

Looking for Lissitzky

I HAD been asked by a couple of galleries to try and find some Lissitzkys in Russia, and I wanted some myself. He was a brilliant Russian abstract painter, rather architectural, and he died in 1941. In 1944 I had unearthed his widow in Moscow and had bought a few watercolours from her. She was German and quite scared. She brought the work to VOKS, where we exchanged roubles for art under the watchful eyes of two young cultural officials. All they asked me was: 'But why on earth do you want to buy that?' 'Because I like modern art,' I told them, 'and I consider Lissitzky a fine artist. As were the Constructivists.' Since they'd never heard of Malevitch or Tatlin (then designing for the stage) they thought me just another mad American and shrugged. Later Gerasimov, head of the Artists' Union, gave me a serious talking-to: since any three-year-old could paint like Picasso, why should one waste valuable wall-space on the scribbles of a three-year-old? (What would he say about Congo and Betsy?)

At various times after this I asked various friends to try and find Mme Lissitzky in Russia. But it was no use. They had returned saying no one would help them, no one wished you to know anything about abstract painters – there was an intentional, political, malicious boycott. So on this, my first visit since my 1944 war-correspondent days, I decided to look for myself.

I asked everyone at all likely to know; they were very willing but none had even heard of Lissitzky. Someone suggested that I try the Artists' Union. The trail led me to a building on Gorki Street. No, said the doorlady, there was no such office. Anyway, if there was, it wasn't in her building. I found it by going to every door on all six floors and ringing their bells. In a small office, three nondescript individuals sat at shabby wooden desks; they looked up at me disinterestedly, then went on scratching with spluttering pens on endless foolscap pages.

Politely: 'Could anyone here please by any chance tell me where I could find some of Lissitzky's work?' They looked up, then went back to their pen-scratching. Perseveringly: 'He was a great revolutionary artist,' I said, 'and he died in 1941 and he has a widow called Sophie.' No response. Gently, but powerfully: 'I *think* Lenin liked him.'

Nothing happened. I was left sitting. Then a thin, sallow-faced woman looked up and said crossly 'What is it you want, citizen?' I said: 'This *is* the Artists' Union, isn't it?' There was a toneless lethargic discussion about that proposition. Grudging assent.

'Could you look in your files for the name Lissitzky?' I was very tentative.

'Files?'

I speak understandable Russian, but there is a Soviet habit, quite disconcerting, of repeating a word or phrase you have used as if you had just come from Outer Mars. It happened, for example, every morning when I ordered breakfast.

'Tea and toast, please.'

'*Chai?*'

'*Chai i tost.*'

'*Tost?*'

'That's right, *tost.*'

'What?'

When, finally, I had made myself clear, there would be a long stream of what sounded like invective. I would withhold all retort and wait. I never knew what it connoted, but it always ended: 'Tea and toast you wish?'

So now I finally put over the idea to these clerks that there must be files of names of their members, and they might consult them. After all, Lissitzky was not unknown; he came from Vitebsk, was a friend and contemporary of Chagall. Some of his works hang in a gallery in Hanover. They looked perfunctorily at some 1957 lists they dug out of a dark, chipped cupboard, shook their heads and went back to their scratching pens.

After a pause: 'Ehrenburg,' I said, 'has a fine collection of modern art. He must have known Lissitzky and some of his friends, probably his widow. . . .'

A man glanced up from another desk. 'What is it you want?'

I told him. The woman stopped work and shook her head; she couldn't care less and she was busy. But a tiny spark of interest lighted up the man's face. He tried to make some telephone calls; after fifteen minutes his interest died, and nothing had happened. I sat awhile, totally ignored. Then the door opened and a tall cadaverous-looking man in a slightly grubby Russian shirt came in holding a bulging brief-case. The first woman, to my surprise because I really didn't think she had taken in anything, asked him belligerently: 'You ever heard of Lissitzky?'

'Who?'

'This citizen here says there is a Russian painter called Lissitzky.'

'Was,' I amended. 'He died in 1941.'

'What does she want with him?'

I said mildly, 'I want to find his works. I might wish to buy some. . . .'

'Why?'

'I consider him a fine painter, abstract it is true . . .'

He interrupted me. 'Why don't you buy our fine Russians, Repin, Gerasimov. . . . What do you want with this – what's his name?'

Everybody was bending over papers.

'May *I* make some telephone calls?' I suggested to the room in general. The room in general ignored me. So I went to a spare 'phone. It was August and everybody was out of town.

'Wait,' said the first lady into the silence. She picked up her telephone and there was one of those long conversations of which you can't make head or tail. Then she hung up. Two other people had entered by now and were standing with brief-cases, waiting. She looked at me severely and then said, as if in silent reprimand, '*On ochen bolshoi Russki hudojnik.*' (He is a very great Russian painter.) She looked around. 'Great Russian painter,' she repeated challengingly.

'You don't tell me,' I replied. 'Who said so?'

'The Tretyakov Gallery,' she announced decisively. 'They know him.'

Another half-hour of negotiations, telephone calls and off-stage conversations. Would I call a certain person in a certain sub-section of a department of the Tretyakov Gallery between 12 and 1 the following Monday? Why? Oh, I might hear words to my advantage.

The following Monday. The certain person was absent. Try the following Thursday. At last, some information. No, they didn't know where there were any paintings or drawings of Lissitzky. No, they couldn't find them for me. But . . . but . . . they did have an address for Mme Sophie Lissitzky. It was in Novosibirsk – in the heart of Siberia. I didn't for a moment believe this address existed. She must be dead or unreachable. I went off to a little village on the Black Sea, but, as a matter of form, one rainy afternoon I did send off a letter in German to that most unlikely address in Novosibirsk.

Within a week I had a reply from Mme Lissitzky, from Novosibirsk, who remembered me happily from 1944 and 'was so glad I was still interested in her husband's work.' She was sorry. She had no pictures and didn't know where any were. Would I try her husband's brother, who was a medical lecturer and lived in Moscow – exactly ten minutes from the place I had started my search, in the same room in which he had lived for 25 years. But Boris Lissitzky didn't have any pictures either. Perhaps a friend in the country might have some – but he was away for three months in Ulan-Bator. Yet there was a son who worked in documentary films. Perhaps the son had taken some when he went away to his new job. He was in Khaborovsk, Siberia. . . .

ELLA WINTER

The Arts and Entertainment

French Fry

THE citizens of Bristol are very lucky in having, in the Bristol Old Vic, an Arts theatre on their doorstep, offering them a fine selection of plays every season. It is just what, unless the Arts Theatre Club is kept at the top of its form, we lack in London. Without it there is nowhere we can pick up a Shaw we have somehow never seen, a Chekhov we have forgotten, a Granville Barker that hasn't been seen for goodness knows how many years, a contemporary play, say *The Living Room* or *Waiting for Godot*, that we happened to miss in the West End or a foreign play that never would get to it. We want another word than 'revival' in our theatrical vocabulary to describe this kind of thing. 'Revival' sounds desperate and medical, has the air of putting life back into corpses. Whereas the plays that a good Arts theatre puts on are not corpses; they do not need reviving. They revive us.

That, anyhow, is the idea. Yet one must admit that this is sometimes a strenuous process for us. The citizens of Bristol, are, for instance, taking a bit of a beating this three weeks with Giraudoux's *Sodom and Gomorrah*, but it was most encouraging the other night to see the theatre filled out for a play that is admittedly very hard going. Evidently the director, John Moody, loves the play, and this comes strongly across, and Mr Patrick Robertson too has responded to it and produced one of his most imaginative designs for it. But the play itself hangs fire a good deal. It is a discussion play, so we expect it to be pretty static actionwise; what we are less prepared to accept is that the discussion shall be static too. The archangel announces that Sodom and Gomorrah are to be spared only if one man and woman can be found to justify the belief in the human couple as the ideal unit. John and Leah alone from the two cities seem to fill the bill, but their harmony is only apparent. Indeed this is the very day that Leah has decided that she can't continue the pretence any longer. Life with John is insupportable. The quarrel, begun as a purely personal one, assumes cosmic significance after the archangel's announcement; and his deputy, a kind of angelic marriage counsellor, tries to get the rebellious wife to change her view in the interests of humanity. The argument rages up and down, but doesn't seem, at least to English ears, to advance very much. It is one of those sex-war disputations which somehow mean less to us than they do to the French: and hasn't Giraudoux, we wonder, left out the most important thing about the human couple, as an institution, namely the family that result? In choosing a childless pair as his disputants he refines his argument to the narrow province of maleness and femaleness, and we, pragmatists in these matters, pant behind him.

Most of the author's style, a mixture of fancy and poetry, seems muzzed in translation; and too much of the humour is lost in the acting. Miss Wendy Williams makes a fine shot at the long and difficult part of Leah and Mr Peter Toole, as the Angel, with admirable timing throws douches of

Ninth Month for the Romans—and we continue the name, even though for us the month is the eleventh. The Saxons, seeing the trees stripped of their leaves, called it 'Wind-monath'.

Not all the followers of Diana wear pink coats. Some have no coats at all, and these, moreover, are rather small and, maybe, even a little grubby. But the pertinacity with which they hunt the 'penny for the guy' commands a grudging respect. It is hard to refuse them; harder still if you remember that the evening of the Fifth will find you giving your own imitation of Firework Night at the Crystal Palace for the delectation of the children and their friends. Later on, as you gloomily reflect that the bonfire was almost certainly too close to the cherry tree and that the lawn will be a depressing sight in the morning, you wonder if the game is worth the candle. But the children enjoyed it and no doubt it is good for trade. In this, it parallels the Midland Bank, an institution which is also 'good for trade'. For over a century, the Bank has been in financial matters the guide, philosopher and friend of business houses of every kind.

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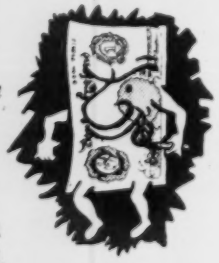

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cold water on the boiling arguments. The company support well enough.

At the Saville we have a most disappointing English version by Charles Frank of the play which has been amusing Paris for many months, *L'Oeuf*. *The Egg* in its English translation makes little sense. It presents a purely English spiv who walks out of a purely Paris setting and jauntily tells us how he discovered 'The System' and how to work it for his own advantage. The impudent scoundrel is an agreeable enough recurrent theatrical figure, but this one doesn't seem very clever. He fixes himself up with a middle-aged mistress and a job in the Civil Service and the boss's eldest daughter as a wife. He finds that she has a lover and makes him pay through the nose for the privilege of cuckolding him. Then he proceeds to kill the goose that is laying his golden egg, by shooting his wife and getting her lover found guilty of this crime. No doubt, if this is indeed a fair translation of the events, the fun depended in the original largely on the patter with which the scoundrel weaves together the flashback charades presented on the revolving stages. But in English this wasn't good enough. Mr Nigel Patrick fought a gallant losing battle with his material, and Miss Miriam Karlin contributed an amusing character sketch. The kaleidoscopic decor by Roger Furse is delightful.

T. C. WORSLEY

Loss of Identity

GOING round Jack Smith's exhibition at the Beaux-Arts, one tends to wonder whether the printer of the catalogue hasn't provided the list of works for some other exhibition. A large painting of a table with a white cloth is described as *Patch of light over cylinders*, a view of a rock pool as *Night sky*, a flower-piece as *Talking head*, a view of the sea-shore with a bungalow or hut as *Waves of light passing over still-life*. And so it goes on. It would not be worth mentioning that these paintings (with perhaps three exceptions) never represent what they appear to represent, if they were examples of the kind of semi-abstract painting – not at all uncommon today – in which what concern there is with reality is subordinated to effects of line and colour and texture. The reason why I mention it is that the most striking thing about these paintings is their overwhelming sense of reality. To see them is like overhearing a conversation in the next room everything about which is clear but the words, clear enough for us to know that what is being said profoundly matters.

Some of the analytical-cubist paintings of Braque and Picasso have an impact similar to this. We may have to look at the label or the catalogue to ascertain whether this is portrait, still-life, or landscape, but we are never in any doubt that it is a picture of something. Only, compared with these new paintings by Jack Smith, analytical-cubist paintings are simple and straightforward. They can be unravelled like a knotted ball of string. You can no more unravel these Jack Smiths than you can unravel an egg; you have to break clean through their outside appearance. The subject of the picture is totally and utterly transformed. What we have here is not a confusion of identity, as in cubism, but a complete loss of identity.

The denial of the principle of identity, a thing is what it is, has been one of the recurrent aims of twentieth-century painting. The surrealists, of course, have been the most deliberate in their attempts to show that things are not what they are. Thus Breton has claimed that the surrealists have suppressed the word *like*, that a horse is no longer *like* a cloud, it *is* a cloud. If this claim were justified, surrealist art would have very little excitement for us, since the excitement derives from our conscious *recognition* of the ambiguities, the double-meanings, the telescoped references, the transformations in the work, from our realisation that *x* is, to our surprise, indeed like *y*. Or perhaps we should say that, in the measure in which Breton's claim is justified, surrealist art has come to have very little excitement for us, since it has established that *x* is *y*, and now we know; *et après* . . . ? With Smith the denial is in painterly not literary terms: when we have accepted that the house on the sea-shore is a still-life, we are still only at the beginning, because it is not a question of proving anything, but rather a question of ignoring certain things. Smith's denial of the identity of objects is simply a consequence of the impressionist usage of objects: in Monet and in Bonnard objects tend to become nameless: it does not matter what is sea and what is sky, everything is woven into the continuous skein of perception. So in Smith's paintings the appearance of an object in the guise of another is not an end but an accident: the point is that all objects have lost their identity. Yet, as I say, we sense the weight, the impact, of their reality. Here is the grin without the cat – far more than with de Staël and his followers, with whom either the cat lingers or the grin goes too; and in a richer sense than in so-called abstract impressionist painting, which is the painting of light divorced from that which it illuminates. Smith's new paintings claim to be paintings of light, but I think we should regard light as no more than their point of departure – whereas in the work of a painter like Sam Francis it is a point of arrival. For it isn't finally the presence of light that we feel in the pictures at the Beaux-Arts. On the contrary, what we feel, and what makes them so tremendously real, is an effect of weight, of density. It is no more possible to say why these paintings have this density (and therefore a grandeur, a heroic impact) than it is to say why some human beings have a sort of density.

The surprising thing about Smith's development is not that he began, only a short time ago, as the kind of painter who makes everything look unmistakably what it's meant to be, and now makes everything look unmistakeably what it's not meant to be. The surprising contrast is rather between the new paintings and the earlier attempts – such as the £1,000 prize-winning *Creation and Crucifixion* – to break away from straightforward, unambiguous figuration. For in those earlier attempts he seemed to get off on the wrong foot by using metaphor to charge commonplace objects with apocalyptic meanings (a shirt hanging up to dry as the Crucifixion, etc.) – it was literature. The new paintings are therefore a new start, for all that they are closely linked with all Smith's earlier paintings by their assumption that light is the essential attribute of reality. And this development shows how perfectly right Mr Patrick Heron was when he insisted, while everyone talked of a resurgence of Realism among the younger English painters, that all good students are more or less realists and that the so-called New Realists were, as a matter of fact, students.

What Smith has achieved, within a remarkably short time after producing his vastly overrated student-paintings of kitchens, seems to me to be of considerable importance for the future of painting. He has found a way of painting that takes advantage of the freedom from the need to represent which modern painting has won, and yet which manages to convey that sense of reality

which (as abstract painters have to admit more and more) painting has got to have if it is to mean anything to us when we are not actually looking at it. The originality and the power of the works at the Beaux-Arts suggest that Smith may become one of that select band of English artists who have some effect upon the course of painting in general.

DAVID SYLVESTER

The Opera Houses

At both opera houses the season is under way. Sadler's Wells opened, chorus-less, with a kind of trailer of future attractions, acts of three operas in which all the singers seemed to be called Patricia. Patricias Bartlett, Kern (a promising mezzo from the Welsh National) and Howard sang in an unpolished *Così fan tutte*; to Act 2 of *Samson* Patricia Johnson brought steady well-formed tone and long musical phrasing. The complete *Samson* when it arrived was curious but distinctly enjoyable: very well produced – in the gleaming, smoky Temple scene even brilliantly – by Powell Lloyd; mounted in lean, handsome scenery by Ralph Koltai; neo-classic in general effect, finely worked and a little frigid, as Saint-Saëns's instrumental music is. Miss Johnson was a tall, clean-limbed Delilah. Charles Craig was an excellent Samson, John Probyn a very feeble High Priest. Fine chorus.

The company gives the impression of being exceedingly well run, with every pound of its small subsidy put to sensible uses. The repertory is varied and ambitious: *Martha*, *The Consul*, *The School for Fathers*, as witty and entertaining as ever, Gardner's *The Moon and Sixpence* – brilliantly performed and well worth a second visit – and now, flanked by a charming new production of *The Telephone* and a revival of *Gianni Schicchi*, *Bluebeard's Castle*, in a presentation so strikingly imaginative that it could be the central event of an international festival. Earlier this year the South Africans showed us how Bartok's opera, in which a woman opening seven doors is just about all the action, could hold the stage – because on to it the splendour and power of the score seemed to project great shafts of drama and spectacle. The librettist's dark, domed hall is perhaps meant for a symbol of the 'stage beneath the skull' wherein Bluebeard's tragedy is played out, but Wendy Toye, the producer, and Malcolm Pride, the designer, have rejected this austere conception. As Judith opens each door, the whole stage becomes the scene behind it. Bluebeard's broad domains gleam and unroll before us, the white waters of the lake of tears lap forward to Judith's feet. There is perhaps some loss of psychological intensity, but a real gain in poetic theatre; and the staging matches the illuminating quality of the music. Victoria Elliott, singing better than I have ever heard her before, and David Ward were a dignified Judith and Bluebeard, and under Gerald Gover the orchestra sounded magnificent.

The season proper opened with an *Aida* that must, alas, be considered a failure. We know the difficulties that beset those who mount grand opera – flu is now an additional one – but a critic cannot constantly be taking these into account; he must sometimes simply consider what is offered to the public. At Sadler's Wells, where prices are low, we have many outstanding performances – Howell Glynne and Studholme in *The School for Fathers*, Hargreaves in *The Moon and Sixpence*, Anna Pollak in anything she does – mounted in sensible productions, with attractive scenery. At Covent Garden we often feel that much effort has been misdirected and much money misspent on

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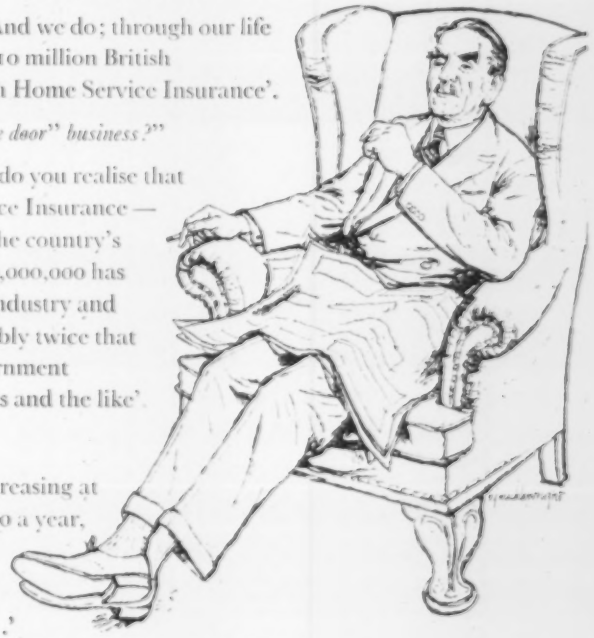
'We all can, George. And we do; through our life assurances. And so do at least 10 million British families — through Home Service Insurance'.



'Ah! You mean this "man at the door" business?'

'Exactly, George. And do you realise that this "business" — Home Service Insurance — invests enormous sums in the country's economic welfare? Over £300,000,000 has already been invested in Industry and Commerce alone, while probably twice that amount has gone into Government Securities, Mortgages and the like'.

'Really? You astonish . . .'

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'Yes — but . . .'

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'Yes — but how . . .'

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I took a timetable out of my suitcase and began reading quietly in the manner prescribed, the names of about one hundred railway stations. I observed that, after reading them over a few times, I could recite the whole list off with hardly a mistake. With a little more practice I found I had committed them so completely to memory that I could remember them in the reverse order and even pick out one station from the list and say which number it was, and what were the names of the towns before and after it.

I was astonished at the memory I had acquired and spent the rest of my journey on more and more difficult experiments in memory, and reflecting how this new control I was achieving over my mind would materially help me to a greater success in life. After this, I worked hard at this wonderful memory system, and within a week I found I could recall passages from books and quote them with ease; names, addresses and business appointments were remembered immediately; and in four months I had succeeded in learning Spanish.

If I have obtained from life a measure of wealth and happiness, it is to that book I owe it, for it revealed to me the workings of my brain.

Three years ago, I had the good fortune to meet its author, and I promised him to propagate his method, and today I am glad of this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to him.

I can only suppose that others wish to acquire what is, after all, the most valuable asset towards success in life.

Borg's address is: G. U. Borg, c/o Aubanel Publishers, 14 Lower Baggot St., Dublin, Ireland. Apply to him for his little book, "The Eternal Laws of Success." It is free to all who wish to develop their memory.

F. ROBERTS.

performances that miserably fail to approach enjoyment-level.

Aida was lavishly staged, and sung badly out of tune by the Radamès (Alberto da Costa), the Aida (Amy Shuard) and even – much of the time – by the Amneris (Fedora Barbieri). Barbieri, however, even when landing resplendently on notes a full semitone below those written, showed something of the grand opera manner, a sense of style and phrase. The sets struck me as freakish and often ugly. Margherita Wallmann's production has some definite miscalculations (during 'Ritorna vincitor', for example, our attention was carefully distracted from the soprano to a vast drop-cloth of a battle scene, slowly illuminated during the progress of the aria). Kubelik obtained good orchestral playing, with some pretty detail, but did not show much feeling for the pulse and swell and rhythm of the score.

ANDREW PORTER

Passion Play

He Who Must Die (Academy) is about the actors in a Passion Play, a theme of immense possibilities; but it is both less and more than this. Though I have never been to a Passion Play, I have often wondered about the inter-reactions of gospel and life in a small community, the daily encounters between Jesus and Judas, the Magdalen being offered a lift, Pontius Pilate washing his hands in the *château* or *schloss* where such ablutions are a matter of course. *He Who Must Die* doesn't fulfil the highest expectation: that's to say, the bare wrestle of fact and fable. The masterpieces of this order – play around play – are Pirandello's *Henry IV* and Chekhov's *The Seagull*, the first concerned with lunatic impersonation, the second guilefully spun out of *Hamlet*. *He Who Must Die* accepts the play-acting, avoids probing into character, elaborates a drama in religio-politics, set against the background of sun and rock. The place is a Greek village in 1921 under the Turks, living in prosperous collaboration and invaded by refugees of a more heroic order. The authorities won't take them in, but must get on with their preparations for the Passion Play.

Plenty of room here for drama and irony. The Passion Play itself is kept well in the background; the cast having been chosen, we are left to imagine rehearsals, and given only the briefest hints of self-communings, pre-possessions. Jesus is a stammering shepherd, Judas a giant given to calling on the Magdalen, Pilate is the Turkish governor fanned and perpetually serenaded by a boy, the apostles sit by the shore and are approached by the pillaged strangers, the Pharisees are strongly represented by the local priest, hand in glove with the landowner of the whole place. This local monarch is a gay old boy, generous to all tradition, including the services of the Magdalen. His son has been elected John the Divine.

On these terms the Passion in real life is worked out. The shepherd overcomes his stammer to plead for the strangers starved on the hillside, and gets excommunicated; John the Divine robs his father of corn to feed them; the father dies, a sinner hell-bound but comforted by the Turkish governor who remarks that all the Christian sins are recommendations to Mohammedan bliss; and with the son giving all his possessions to the refugees who represent free Greece, the last act of the tragedy is introduced. Judas stabs Jesus in the church, and a new liberation myth is born.

On a wide screen, that for once is not too wide, this story is given breath, beauty, and a sharp emphasis by Jules Dassin. The film was made in Crete, with French actors and the inhabitants of a local village, and so far as realisation goes the film seems faultless. But I was conscious of following it with the eye and the mind. There's much to look at, and much to jigsaw together; this leaves one too busy to speculate how far Dassin has grappled with themes whose complexity should not blind us to shallows and evasions. In fact *He Who Must Die* – which seems to be a faithful representation of the novel by Nikos Kasantsakis – moves with dignity and excitement through a tangle of interests rare to the screen. Yet our involvement doesn't spread circles; we don't long to read the novel, and are only held by the characters so long as we are watching the screen. I'm afraid that for me the entry into Mappin and Webb's had finally more *entrain*. Others, perhaps, will find *He Who Must Die* as deeply rewarding as it has every appearance of being. Fernand Ledoux and Jean Servais play the priests Pharisaic and militant, Melina Mercouri the Magdalen, Pierre Vaneck the Christ, and Gregoire Aslan the Turkish governor. No doubt I ought to see it again, and yet I would hesitate. Is it that the film professes a religious theme, and yet never attains half the religious intensity of Bresson's *Condamné* seen recently at the Academy? Or just that it isn't, quite, a masterpiece?

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Old Lady Grows Up

A BRITON 'comes of age' at 21. The extension of this legal fiction to institutions is surely a rather tiresome and unnecessary whimsy: they do not vote or become responsible, at that age, for their own debts. This is particularly so when – as in the present case, that of BBC television – the majority is a bogus one: television broadcasts did begin in 1936, but, as they were suspended for seven years from the outbreak of war, the service is really only 14 years old.

However, the BBC has this incurable penchant (shared by the senile and the juvenile alike) for anniversaries, so I suppose one must give the old lady a perfunctory cheer: those in the Corporation – administrators, producers, writers, technicians, all the rest of them – who have helped to make possible this massive achievement deserve congratulations that are more than perfunctory.

I do wish, though, that the BBC wouldn't 'go on so' about anniversaries (as about royal tours and functions). This week's *Radio Times* lists at least fifteen programmes commemorating this anniversary; and there have been others not listed – such as *This Is Your Life*, Monday's edition of which was devoted to the late J. L. Baird. Is it because the programme-planners are hard up for ideas that they seize so avidly on any theme that makes an excuse for grandiose tributes and specially commissioned fanfares and sentimental reminiscence and a spot for the DG? The danger is that, amid the welter of mandarin *clichés* ('due sense of our great responsibility . . . full fruits . . .') and olde-tyme fashion-parades and historic newsreels often seen before (Chamberlain home from Munich, Shaw's 90th birthday interview), the viewer will simply get bored.

This Is Your Life, with Eamonn Andrews invoking the dead inventor in the second person, and an Empty Chair, and the widow in the studio audience, and a panegyric in rhyming couplets by Mr Christopher Hassall ('Who will not hail the storm-tossed pioneer?') was not quite so

embarrassing as it sounds. As so often in this series, it was saved from sheer grisliness by the patent sincerity and smooth competence of Mr Andrews; but the script had to make him 'ham' pretty desperately ('. . . "if only"—the two saddest words in the English language . . ') to get it over. Another irony: we were reminded, candidly enough, that this choice of subject was, in a sense, as irrelevant as the whole week's jamboree, since the Baird system was dropped within a few months of the inauguration of BBC TV.

By a coincidence, this programme was immediately followed, on the BBC's Home Service, by the first of a new series which might be regarded as sound-radio's answer to *This Is Your Life*: it is called *People Today*, and 'aims at finding out how a few typical Britons arrange their pattern of life and work'. The next programme in the series deals with a retired Brighton chimney-sweep; the first dealt with Mr Frankie Vaughan, the popular singer (neither of them, I should have thought, particularly 'typical Britons'). The formula is different, but these also are personal profiles—not badly done, but, coming to them straight from the TV programme (perhaps an unfair test), one feels that 20 rather than 30 minutes would be long enough; and, since there is no picture to look at, the script should be far more vividly descriptive than it was on Monday night. It took refuge in such tired gossip-writers' jargon as 'always immaculate in evening-dress' and was in *written* rather than *spoken* English.

Either the BBC's portentous obsession with its own history or an inadequate supply of good plays with contemporary themes has led to a regular epidemic of period-costume drama. Probably the latter is the true explanation, since the epidemic seems to be almost as widespread on ITV. Often the Victorian or Edwardian sets and dresses are necessary and justifiable—in Mr Iain McCormick's play-cycle about India, *The English Family Robinson*, which began on Sunday at the time of the Mutiny, or in *Nicholas Nickleby*, or Ibsen, or ITV's *Ann Veronica*. But in *Madam Butterfly*—mostly, and delightfully, dressed *à la japonaise*—there was surely no need to put the American wife into a stiff Edwardian costume; and, in general, bustles, antimacassars, and straw boaters may soon provoke a certain viewer-resistance.

Mr McCormick's play deserves more searching analysis than I have room to give it. It had obvious faults: the characters developed tangentially, and had a tiresome habit of pausing at moments of crisis to give each other short lectures on the history of the East India Company. Yet it held the attention (in competition with *Sunday Night at the London Palladium*), and had several climaxes of authentic pity and terror.

The BBC's Sunday night programme also included a not very satisfactory *Coppelia*. Its main assets were the admirable dancing of Nadia Nerina and the spidery agility of Mr Helpmann (looking, with his fey smile, piercing eyes, and aureole of white wig, just like Bertrand Russell). This was also a true use of the medium; for the producer, Margaret Gale, let us see in close-up details, such as Coppelius' transfer of the sight from his own eyes to his puppet's, that are usually seen at a distance. But most of the dancers galumphed rather sluggishly; the men's hearty by-play with property tankards was clearly inspired by the falsest of *bonhomie*; and the costumes (though no doubt correct for 'a border village in Galicia about 1800') made them all look, somehow, like waiters and waitresses at a 'Tyrolean' roadhouse on the Kingston by-pass.

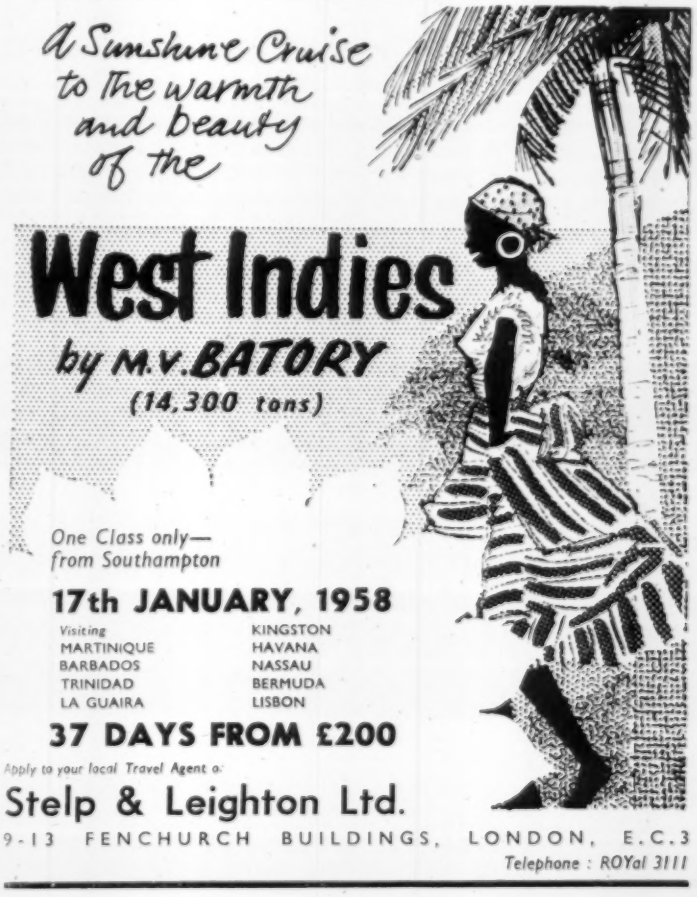
TOM DRIBERG

Correspondence

THE CRIMINAL PSYCHOPATH

SIR,—I too was somewhat mystified by the article on the treatment of criminal psychopaths, but also a little disturbed at Professor Eysenck's comments, and I could not agree more with the substance of Mr Hugh Klare's letter. Professor Eysenck is perfectly right in complaining that the article provided no evidence about the effective treatment of psychopaths, but was merely anecdotal. I think in this respect it has done a considerable disservice to the movement in modern penology and psychiatry which would like to see psychopaths treated in institutions designed for the purpose.

It is perfectly true that there is no uniformity of diagnosis in relation to psychopathy but this criticism may be applied with equal force to diagnosis in almost every aspect of psychiatric medicine. To imply as Eysenck does that the absence of uniformly acceptable diagnostic criteria indicates that there is no such thing as psychopathy does not seem to be very reasonable. On the contrary there appear to be certain fairly well defined patterns of criminal or anti-social behaviour in which the individual does not exhibit any symptoms of other mental disorder but has nevertheless a grossly defective moral sense. The apparent absence of guilt, or alternatively, the inability of the individual to utilise such feelings in the control of his behaviour, would seem to be one of the marks of psychopathy. The simple fact of the matter is that there are some people who are not mentally ill in the accepted sense but who at the same time appear completely impervious to the normal effects of punishment. I would suggest that the resistance of many psychiatrists—some of whom incidentally appear to demonstrate as much hostility towards the psychopath as members of the allegedly uninformed public—is due to the fact that it is very easy to regard the psychopath as a sinful rather than sick person.



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I am most surprised that Professor Eysenck should apparently not have known that the Cambridge-Somerville Youth Study was not an experiment designed to test 'the efficacy of psychiatric treatment on the prevention of criminality in juveniles.' Indeed to suggest that the results of this experiment were conclusive 'flies directly in the face of available evidence' (to quote one of Professor Eysenck's phrases) in that the disruptions of the war, the changes in individual counsellors, and the general inability to control extraneous factors made this one of the most unsatisfactory experiments in social science in recent years. If this study proved anything it was surely that the control group technique in research which models itself on laboratory procedures is unsuitable in the sphere of social medicine owing to the vast number of uncontrollable variables which will inevitably contaminate the results.

While I am in basic agreement with Professor Eysenck's criticism that anecdotes are no substitute for scientific data, I feel that those who are for one reason or another opposed to the extension of psychiatric treatment in the penological field will undoubtedly seize upon his views as further ammunition for their own case. The somewhat inane remarks of a magistrate reported in the press this week about sending criminals to the modern 'witch doctors' i.e. psychiatrists, will undoubtedly be reverberating around the magistrates' courts of England and Wales. It is fundamental to recognise, however, that the psychiatrist is neither a witch doctor nor an omnipotent scientist, but essentially a technician working in a field in which research has scarcely begun. I doubt, however, for reasons already indicated, that Professor Eysenck or any experimental purist will ever be able to test with complete reliability the effects of psychiatric treatment.

Finally I wonder, reading Messrs Playfair and Sington's letter, whether they recognise the functional significance of society's impulse to punish. The feelings of hatred against the criminal are clearly an impediment to effective treatment but at the same time they must be canalised into other forms and expressions, and cannot be denied. This, incidentally, I would regard as one of the most important ancillary problems in the development of a humane and scientific penology.

TERENCE MORRIS

Belmont Hospital
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SIR,—I am surprised to read in Professor Eysenck's otherwise admirable letter that 'the famous Cambridge-Somerville Youth Study. . . was designed to test the efficacy of psychiatric treatment on the prevention of criminality in juveniles'. Actually, it was the object of that American study to provide a group of 'pre-delinquent' boys with the services of 'counsellors' and friends to test the preventive effect of their help over a period of approximately ten years. These 'counsellors' (we would say 'case workers') were a very mixed lot. While most of them were fully or partly trained social workers, one was a nurse, two were psychologists, and apparently there was no psychiatric social worker among them. For several years there was not a single psychiatrist on the staff, and when about four years after the beginning of the experiment one was appointed (to a group of more than 300 boys), he was mostly engaged in diagnostic rather than therapeutic work. In fact, the inadequacy of the psychiatric services provided has been one of the main criticisms of this most interesting experiment which, by the very nature of its design, could establish no evidence for or against the prospects of psychiatric treatment of psychopaths or anybody else.

H. MANNHEIM

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THE OUTSIDER'S CASE

SIR,—Janet Adam Smith and the others who join the chorus to sneer at Colin Wilson protest too much. Can it be that they are afraid of this new style of attack upon snug preconceptions?

Wilson, with his own cocksureness, probes painfully at three established cocksurenesses of our day—the Ayer brand of linguistic philosophy, traditional Christian theology, and the Marxist interpretation of history. The response of those challenged is, regrettably, irritation: Wilson is an upstart who presumes to speak with the authority of his own convictions; he is a megalomaniac, a fascist; his definitions are woolly; he can't write. Mr Wilson's case, as it emerges from *The Outsider* and *Religion and The Rebel*, is ignored. Those who admonish Mr Wilson to start thinking haven't even bothered to think for themselves.

As I see it, Wilson's case is this:

1. Life is manifest in evolution by the extension of consciousness.
2. Man feels within himself the yearning to become more conscious—more alive.
3. At any period in history, the *status quo* is accepted by the unthinking, but a minority is always pressing ahead in the direction of increased consciousness. These are the Outsiders.
4. Each one of these, in his individual experience, painfully outgrows the *status quo* and finds himself thwarted by a sense that life as it is manifested in his society is only half-life. A sense of triviality and futility overwhelms him, often quite suddenly and unexpectedly.
5. People caught in this confusion and despair may find themselves restored to hope by a visionary experience through which a new direction is imparted to their lives.
6. We are today at a stage in our civilisation when Outsiders multiply and the *status quo* fails more and more to satisfy the deeper yearnings of man.
7. The retreat into Christian orthodoxy, 'Crosstianity,' and the escape into linguistic rationalism can, in the end, only increase futility and despair because they exclude too much of man's experience.
8. Existentialism offers a way forward because it can embrace the whole of human experience while still leaving a way open for further advance.
9. The insights and attitudes of existentialism will need to be communicated through ritual and ceremony if they are to influence society and not be limited in their effects to the Outsiders.

There are, in the books, a number of statements, inconsistencies, and apparent misunderstandings which one would wish to challenge. But these are side issues. Mr Wilson has put his case in an informed way with an abundance of literary and biographical reference. True, he has not stated his case in as many words—that is not his method at present—but it is there plain enough. His critics should have dealt with it instead of fuming around like middle-aged ladies at a vicarage tea-party into which an uninvited tramp has strayed.

JAMES HEMMING

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SIR,—We are at the moment witnessing the demolition of the Colin Wilson myth and might reasonably hope that a moral will be drawn from this. It seems that as soon as the critics spot some original or profound quality in a writer's work, they seem compelled to acknowledge this with a blaring of trumpets and waving of banners. The popular press follows suit and brings in the human angle, and in no time legend and ballyhoo magnify the originality or profundity into genius. *The Outsider* becomes 'a masterpiece' and *Room at the Top* 'a great novel'.

The losers in this unfortunate game are the Mr Wilsons and the Mr Braines. However good their second work it cannot possibly live up to the image of the first created by the critics. Mr Wilson wrote an interesting book and Mr Braine quite a good novel. If we leave them at that level, the chances are that their next work will show improvement in quality and extension of vision. But if reputable critics persist in crying 'genius', we are dooming talented young men to be perennial disappointments.

MARTYN GOFF

109 High Street
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THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI

SIR,—A couple of weeks ago your critic, Lindsay Anderson, dismissed *The Bridge on the River Kwai* and my own film *Woman in a Dressing Gown* in two contemptuous inches. I let it pass at the time because I had not seen the first film and felt that my picture could fight its own battles. Now that I have seen *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, however, I am not content to let his supercilious appraisal of it go by without a word.

The film does not have the same anti-war impact as *All Quiet on the Western Front* for a very simple reason. It is about a different sort of war. World War II had its waste and futility, for this is common to all wars: but it was a war which *had* to be fought, a war in which heroism and death were not entirely meaningless, a war in which the word 'glory' was not just a cheap propaganda trick to convince the masses. For this simple but basic reason no film dealing with the last war from the allied point of view can possibly have the same bitterness as *All Quiet on the Western Front*.

I happen to think that *The Bridge on the River Kwai* fails to measure up to the standard of the earlier film for other reasons. But only a desperately sectarian person can fail to see that this failure is on a high level, and that it does have much to say of importance, and says it well. The tiny scene where the young Japanese soldier faces his allied counterpart is but one of many notable moments. The film in short does say something both about the futility of war in general, and the heroism and personal sacrifice of soldiers fighting for freedom, a very real freedom, in particular. It may not say it adequately or even well enough. But one would have thought that Anderson could have spared a little more space to deal with it seriously. The word 'madness' repeated three times may not be enough; neither is it enough for a critic and a film-maker to fall back on clever-clever phrases about Jayne Mansfield and chocolate boxes.

That this was only a minor aberration on Anderson's part might have been believed if he had not followed it up in the following issue with a longer and more reasoned but no less pompous dismissal of

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Ralph Keene's latest documentary, *Journey into Spring*. This is a beautiful little film which set out to do something quite simple and unpretentious and succeeded. I am sure that Anderson in his capacity as film-maker would have treated the subject quite differently. It would be interesting to see, and I mean this. For I believe there is room for films like *Journey into Spring* just as there is room for Anderson's films. Like Mao Tse-tung, I want to see a hundred flowers bloom. In short, Anderson offers us a more dangerous conformism than any that he mentions, a film-making world in which only those who have his approach and ideas are acceptable. Most of us went through the so-called 'Free Cinema' phase at one time. It is a useful but juvenile period. Some people never grow out of it and remain amateurs in the worst sense of the word. Mr Anderson has too much talent to be one of these, but he should watch it!

TED WILLIS

2 Sefton Close
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Kent

TU QUOQUE

SIR,—Mr Lindsay Anderson's costive letter criticising Paul Johnson's amusing treatment of *Declaration* surely requires some reply. Adopting the now familiar 'no one understands us, though we're really not surprised' attitude of the Osborne-Wilson dissenters, Mr Anderson pontificates on the role of the critic: with particular reference to that role when his own work is the subject for discussion.

His complaint is that 'the substance and implications' of the ideas expressed by himself and the other contributors in *Declaration* were evaded by Paul Johnson. One hesitates to adopt churlish tactics, but an examination of Mr Anderson's film criticism in the NEW STATESMAN in the past month reveals that he, too, is not beyond ignoring the subject in hand. On 12 October he wrote at length about Wajda's *A Generation*—a film which, he informs us, we are not likely to see. At the end of the sermon three films (including *The Bridge on the River Kwai*) were dealt with in just seventeen lines. Mr Anderson, no doubt, considers that a fair reflection of their worth, but he could at least, if only in the cause of intellectual honesty, have reviewed them seriously. Instead, we have a couple of clever, denigrating phrases which anyone other than Mr Anderson would call facetious. The same patronising 'clever-clever' attitude for which he chides Paul Johnson is evident in his rather precious review on *Journey into Spring* a week later.

If he really must take himself so seriously, Mr Anderson ought at least to be consistent.

G. M. D. CROTON

Quits, Sandhurst

PRINCES OF THE CHURCH

SIR,—Admittedly, Anthony Howard here and there laid it on a bit thick. So Rose Macaulay is right to point out that more bishops have actually been in parishes than he alleges, and 'An Anglican Clergyman' is right to remind us that the cap in no way fits the Bishop of Sheffield. But I had hoped that a more weighty answer would have been made to the gravamen of Mr Howard's case against the present Establishment.

I know that many people in England do really care about this matter, both within and outside the Established Church. They would like to believe that the Archbishop, in his latest 'The Church has never had it so good' speech, is giving a truer picture of the situation than Mr Howard. They want a Church which commands the respect of the nation at large, and acts within it as the highest Christian expression of the national life. In fact, there is a genuine and widespread desire for a Church of England. But I doubt whether it is a desire for this one; and for that state of affairs the present benchmen and their henchmen must be held largely responsible. They see fit to maintain and develop the Church as it is. To some considerable extent, Dr Fisher's post-war dominance of the Establishment has made it a much better organised and more successful institution.

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There is no question but that the Church of England today is better run: it is undoubtedly 'a going concern'. But serious-minded persons are dubious where, in fact, the concern is going, as a national Church.

I am sure that the Archdeacon of London in his recent proposal for a national Mission was right in declaring the Church's message to be a matter of ideology. He pointed to the need for a Christian ideology in the sense of 'a systematic scheme of ideas about social life'. In other words, he asked for the more vigorous prosecution of the work of William Temple (e.g., in the Penguin classic *Christianity and Social Order*). But there is another sense in which the word ideology is used, viz.: 'the manner or content of thinking characteristic of an individual or class'. The Church of England has already a very obvious ideology of this kind, i.e., the outlook of a predominantly middle-class conservative section of the nation. In order to offer to the nation a truly Christian ideology, the Church of England must somehow slough its present ideological skin. The real truth behind Anthony Howard's somewhat slap-happy indictment of the Church's set-up is that its leaders are incapable of this sloughing process, precisely because they have been born and bred in the ideology from which the Church has to win free. It is to them what his spots are to the leopard!

As some of your readers may remember, I argued this fifteen years ago at considerable length in *We Have Our Orders*. We were in mid-war at that time, and William Temple, then at Canterbury, vetted the book before publication, and declared himself in agreement with most of it, disagreeing, however, that complete dis-establishment was a necessary step towards the fulfilment of the Church's task in the nation. I do not think that I myself would now maintain that this step is a *sine qua non*. But no considering parson who has worked consistently in parishes during the last quarter of a century would, I think, deny that some drastic modification of the present Establishment must be made before the ideological difficulty can be overcome. We of the Church have somehow to be transformed by the renewing of our minds, in order to articulate a systematic scheme of Christian ideas related to modern industrial society. It is no less than tragic that in the Church's present situation those who see this need, and attempt to meet it, are usually met with a cry from ecclesiastical authority, which resembles nothing so much as the refrain from an American musical—'Sit down! Sit down! Sit down! You're rocking the boat.'

JOSEPH MCCULLOCH

The Old Deanery
Warwick

THE REGENT'S PARK SCHOOL

SIR,—Having followed the controversy over the chimpanzees' paintings, I feel bound to say that, like Mr Sylvester, I went to see them in a very sceptical frame of mind, and was amazed. I found Congo's work as interesting as much child-art, but Betsy's really moving and beautiful.

I do not think we know enough about the minds of chimpanzees—nor, indeed, about art, or life—to dismiss these works frivolously or flippantly: and incidentally—but it is a rather important point—I do not think it is 'the job of the critic to lessen the mystery or art'—which, in any case, cannot be done—but to try to distinguish the authentic from the phoney, and, having to the best of his ability picked out the authentic, to try to interpret and assess it.

HELEN LESSORE

Beaux Arts Gallery
London, W1

BELLMAN AND MONARCH

SIR,—Lord Hailsham's new role really seems to have gone to his head. He is reported in last Sunday's newspapers as having said that anyone criticising the Conservative Party will henceforth be vigorously counter-attacked. That, surely, is nothing more than his job, but when he goes on to link the country with his political party then I find myself extremely indignant. What right has he to associate the Tory Party specifically with the nation?

In addition to this impertinence he says that he will personally resent attacks upon the Queen. 'I will not have the Queen any different than she is' is the quotation which I lift straight out of the newspaper column. To put it mildly, who does he think he is? She is my Queen as much as his, and if I object to any part of the monarchic system I shall not ask his permission to say so.

ALAN BLACKWOOD

11 Campden Hill Road
W8

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SIR,—A couple of months ago I received from Paris by registered post a valuable illustrated book, limited edition, in an extremely damaged condition. When I reported the matter, the local postal authorities sent someone to inspect the parcel and admitted that the packing—stout paper and corrugated board—which had been torn seemed adequate. I filled in a detailed form and some time later the inspector called again for the rest of the packing which I had fortunately retained. Now, well over two months after the original claim was made, I have received the following letter from the Divisional controller: '. . . I have had an inquiry made but have been unable to discover any reason that would account for the damage. I am sorry for the inconvenience caused to you, but I should perhaps explain that under international regulations compensation is not paid for damage to the contents of a registered packet posted from France and I regret therefore that I am unable to entertain your claim'. Why then, one wonders, was one not told this in the first place?

W. J. STRACHAN

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Mid-Autumn Books

REMOTE BUT EFFECTUAL DON

In his famous dedication to Dr Routh, the nonagenarian President of Magdalen, Newman wrote that 'he has been reserved to report to a forgetful generation what was the theology of their fathers'. I must confess to a twinge of the same veneration for Sir Geoffrey Faber after reading his long-awaited life of Jowett*. This is a jewel of a book, the most solid contribution to English nineteenth-century studies that has appeared since Professor Asa Briggs's *Victorian People*. It is full of every kind of meat and it must be digested slowly and with care. The history of Oxford, the course of British philosophy, the Tractarians, the Broad Church movement – there is all this and so much more involved in Sir Geoffrey's narrative, together with so many hidden springs of personality that required divining. Nineteenth-century Oxford was a sea of strenuous temperaments, groaning and travailing, reacting upon each other in the close tension of common-room and parsonage. Tuckwell, Cox, and Burgon, Mark Pattison in his inimitable *Memoirs*, Mozley in his *Reminiscences*, have all given us the feel of it. Yet, except for Pattison, their memoirs are little more than a delightful backcloth, a fund of clerisy 'shop' and gossip – Dean Buckland and his menagerie, Dodgson and his little girls, Bloxham the hero-worshipper, licking up the blot made by Dr Routh's aged hand in the Bodleian register. It is Sir Geoffrey's task to reveal the bones beneath the fleshpots, the unending theological and metaphysical tug-of-war between men of great gifts who held opposed and inflexible views about the Atonement, Biblical inspiration and the relation of geology to Genesis. In the midst of the turmoil stands Jowett, the strange shy cherub whose influence – 'zealous, beneficent, firm' – seemed almost to take over where Thomas Arnold's left off. Rugby in the Thirties and Forties, Balliol in the Seventies and Eighties – these are the great twin matrices of the age. Jowett is a key figure of late nineteenth-century England. We shall fail in our understanding of the period unless we understand him and his achievement.

Born two years after Waterloo, his outward life falls into easy chronological divisions. At 18 he won the top scholarship to Balliol, at 21 he became a Fellow, at 28 he was ordained. In 1854 he suffered the great setback of his life, his failure to attain the Mastership of Balliol. (Pattison's similar 'catastrophe' had occurred three years earlier. Both men were scarred for life, but the Balliol tutor bore himself far better in academic adversity than the sub-Rector of Lincoln. For Jowett, influence on the 'young men', the ability to instil into them what Sir Geoffrey calls his 'simple gospel of hard honest brainwork', and infect them with what he himself described as 'the sense of power which comes from steady working', was his paramount object. For Pattison, the dedicated egoist, the eventual Rectorship of Lincoln meant merely that he became 'the fortunate possessor . . . of unrivalled academic leisure.)

In 1855 Jowett was appointed Regius Professor of Greek by Palmerston. The salary was a beggarly £40 a year and for many years the professor's supporters fought a depressing battle with the Chapter of Christ Church to increase this sum. (Sir Geoffrey throws light on the extraordinarily tortuous behaviour of Pusey in these transactions: indeed, his book generally gives one a far less pleasing picture of that eminent Tractarian than is usual. Certainly, there was a dark side to Pusey. One must remember that the amiable cleric who assured the credulous lady on the Oxford horse-omnibus that 'I am Dr Pusey and I do not know how to kill a lamb' was the same man who heard Pattison's confession and afterwards 'told a fact about myself, which he got from me on that occasion, to a friend of his, who employed it to annoy me'.) In 1870 Jowett came into his own at last and remained Master of Balliol for the next 23 years.

The Jowett of legend, the soft, plump, white-haired Master, formidable in his snubs and silences, wearily jogging the Balliol chaplain's memory when the fortieth psalm eluded him on Good Friday ('I waited patiently'), reproving his fellow Victorians ('I wouldn't publish that, Tennyson, if I were you', with the bellowing retort, 'If it comes to that, Master, the sherry you gave us at luncheon today was positively filthy') – with this we are all too familiar. Sir Geoffrey disdains to repeat either of these excellent chestnuts. (He does, however, re-tell the dulcet rebuke to Sir Robert Morier when he began a *risqué* story at the Master's dinner-table: 'Morier, shall we adjourn this conversation to the drawing-room?') Sir Geoffrey is concerned to give us the essential Jowett, the adored tutor whose aim – 'to arrange my life in the best possible way that I may be able to arrange other people's' – was so often thwarted by the paralysing reserve that 'has detracted at least one third from my life'. 'His physical inheritance', Sir Geoffrey tells us,

> was markedly abnormal. As a boy he looked like a girl; as an old man he looked and spoke something like a eunuch. With this lack of physical masculinity, for which some inherited glandular disequilibrium was responsible, went a shyness which cost all his power of will to conquer. Conquer it he did, to the extent of never letting it prevent him from doing what he willed to do. But in that range of life which is not subject to will it remained his master and prevented him from rooting himself in ordinary soil.
>
> He never learned to play, to make love, to break down the barriers of reserve in himself or in others. He never sowed any wild oats or kicked over the traces. Fearlessly as he used his mind upon religious dogma, metaphysical systems, educational questions and national affairs, he was apt to be less courageous in face of orthodox moral assumptions. He was not the first or the last teacher to refuse this most difficult and dangerous of fences. But the refusal was mainly unconscious. It was perhaps determined by the fact that the fence was a protection for his own unalterable deficiencies.

Patiently, with a psychological delicacy and a sense of exploration rare in any biographer, Sir Geoffrey builds up his picture of the young precocious Pauline whose home life – and in this he is so strangely un-Victorian – practically ceased after he was eleven years old. Like Newman's father, Jowett senior was a feckless and broken merchant – 'his incompetence would isolate the boy from his home and breed in his mind a lasting contempt for worldly failure'. As Sir Geoffrey says, Jowett's attitude towards his family 'was pathological. He did his duty; he hated the existence of the duty. He rarely spoke or wrote about his family or childhood. The unwanted memories could not be quite dismissed. They were irrelevant, they were cumulatively painful; yet they were all the inheritance he had of the intimacies belonging to family life'. This goes far to explain his famous 'worldliness', his detestation of Balliol men who 'made a mess of their lives'. Yet he seems to have had a soft spot for black sheep and was certainly capable of great generosity towards the poor and promising undergraduate. He loved money for the good you could do with it. Like Shaw he thought poverty was a capital crime in the calendar.

In religion he was an Erastian without theology, one who had gone a long way, in Mark Pattison's phrase, towards 'defecating his beliefs to a pure transparency'. When that officious bumble, Dr Cotton, the Vice-Chancellor, required him to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, he replied 'Give me a pen' and called for a fresh quill. To the arid and Alpine temperament of Leslie Stephen, who had sacrificed his Cambridge Fellowship to his agnosticism, this seemed dishonesty, yet, from Jowett's point of view, it was reasonable enough. 'The Nation (and in miniature the School),' writes Professor Willey of Dr Arnold, 'was in his view the true sphere for the realisation of Christianity.' If one substitutes 'University' for 'School' I think one has a fair idea of Jowett's position. Besides, however heterodox Jowett might be about the Old Testament, he had a deep and abiding devotion to the Founder of the Christian religion, a devotion which Stephen conspicuously lacked. 'I shall then devote the rest of my days,' he wrote in 1883, after noting his plans for Greek translation, 'to sermon writing, a moral philosophy, the life of Christ, a commentary on the New Testament scriptures.' 'Could I,' he wondered characteristically, 'write as well as Renan?'

Yet again and again what one comes back to in Jowett is his indefinable charm – the extraordinary gifts of character that could inspire devotion in men as different as Swinburne and Alfred Milner. Out of his ascetic worldliness, his quaint and personal blending of Hegel, St John and the

* *Jowett*. By GEOFFREY FABER. *Faber*. 30s.

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Greats Honours list, he forged an ideal and an intellectual discipline that captivated, not only the up-and-coming men of integrity – the wire-pullers and power-mongers of conscience – but a whole generation of widely assorted human beings. All this could only be accomplished by an educative magnetism in the man himself. While stretching each of his pupils to the height of his capacity, Jowett adjusted his sights to the individual. He managed to draw the best out of his young men because, for all his shyness and laconicism, he had a green heart – miffish and virginal perhaps, but seldom sentimental and never self-indulgent. His strange and passionate friendships – for Arthur Stanley, for Morier, for Florence Nightingale – were as fiercely platonic as Tennyson's feelings for Arthur Hallam. Triumphant sublimation produced not only *In Memoriam* but the Victorianised version of the *Phaedrus*.

It is the great merit of Sir Geoffrey's book that he gives us the inner poetry of Jowett's life. By concentrating (like his earlier biographer, Lewis Campbell) on the Master as a young man, he strips off the crust of legend and reveals the timid, serenely rational human being. Jowett was the incarnation of Matthew Arnold's favourite term, the 'sweet reasonableness' of the Galilean, made in Renan's sunny likeness. Yet – and here again, how alike he is to Arnold! – the sweetest reasonableness was never quite enough. Duty, stern daughter of the voice of God, kept breaking in. All his life, Jowett, like Arnold in his Note-Books, was to be concerned with 'Tao Raison – literally *chemin* – hence *Devoir*'.

JOHN RAYMOND

Dialogue

Returning from the antipodes of time,
What did you find, adventurer seeking your home?
What were you doing there in the dragon's kingdom?
Did you see yourself when you were not looking,
Or take the desert lion by surprise,
Entering his gaze following the antelope
To the watering place, watching the watcher, still
So far away from the unreachable beginning,
A soul seeking its soul in fell and claw?
Did you plunge in the smothering waters to peruse
In shell and glaucous eye your dateless scripture,
Or scan the desert with the desert's eyes,
Watching the sand-storm racing round the plain
On the vacant trace like a pack of spectral hounds?
Did they bring you comfort?
What were you doing there at the back of the world?

Returning now from the other side of time
My steps are measured and processional
In the archaic march led by the sun.
So it must be, the light leading, the foot
Stepping into the world in the opening moment.
Now, passing, I see that all is in its place,
The good and the evil, equal and strange order:
Hunter and quarry, each in a separate day,
The hecatombs of slaughter upon the hills,
The shepherds watching from the eastern slopes,
New gods and kings sitting upon their chairs
(I cannot read their faces),
War and peace, generation and death,
Shameful and sad concurrences of time,
The uncanny stillness of the savage keep,
The blackened gorge nothing can clean again
Where thirty thousand, men and women and children,
Were slaughtered once (no one will walk there now),
The hungry waste advancing and retiring,
Violent or invisible alteration,
The transmutations, child and youth and man,
Maiden and mother, maiden and mother again,
A man and a woman building their changing house
On patient mutability. And Jack and Jill
And Kate and Harry, black and brown and white,
Who keep the bond when faith and beauty leave,
And are there for their own and the world's good.
And the house-dog and the cat, timeless companions,
The bird that sang one day in the dragon's bower
And nests beneath my eaves, a little house-god,
The cattle in the meadow, and this my home.
But now, looking again, I see wall, roof and door
Are changed, and my house looks out on foreign ground.
This is not the end of the world's road.

Yet sometimes on an evening when all is still
And the bird in flight hangs tranced upon the air,
Flying and yet at rest, as if time's work were over,
And the sun burns red and still on the bole of the yew-tree,
And the workman, his day ended, stands and listens,
Thinking of home, yet held in the bright stillness,
I see you stand at your window and softly arrest
Tree, bird and man and the nightward hastening sun
In an endless stasis, and what was given before
You opened your eyes upon the changing earth
Is there, and for a moment you are at home.

That was a moment, now a memory.
I do not live in the house of memory.
For my kinsmen say: 'Long since we lost a road,
Then reached this place, on earth the first and last,
Neither good nor bad, the right place nor the wrong;
A house, and there we nourish a heavenly hope.
For this a great god died and all heaven mourned
That earth might, in extremity, have such fortune.
This we know. Yet in half-memory,
Not in complaint and scarcely in desire,
Sometimes we say: Long since we lost a road,
And feel the ghost of an ethereal sorrow
Passing, and lighting or darkening all the house,
Lighting or darkening, which, we do not know.
Does that road still run somewhere in the world?
Question on question.
Hope and sorrow ethereal roof our house.'

EDWIN MUIR

Two Electrified Curtains

Return to China. By JAMES BERTRAM. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

The Blue Ants. By ROBERT GUILLAIN. *Secker & Warburg.* 25*s.*

Mr Bertram is an impressively well-qualified man to have joined a cultural group visiting China from New Zealand last year. He has worked in the home of *The Times* and as correspondent at wartime Yenan and with Chinese Communist armies in the field, for the British MOI in Chungking and the China Defence League in Hongkong; his interviews with Mao Tse-tung are in Mao's *Collected Works.* Thus he is quietly on top of any question of contacts with modern China, only needing to remark that it was good of his old friends to remember him. I met him once or twice in Hongkong about 1938, and chiefly felt that no Englishman is quite so Oxford as an Oxford New Zealander. He is gravely in favour of most aspects of modern China, though very conscious that something might yet go very wrong; and he reflects several times that it is lunatic of the Americans to pretend that modern China doesn't exist, merely because their love has been rejected.

However, the illiberal aspects of the regime weigh on his mind. There is a curious passage about a State Farm for pedigree cows which his party visited by accident near Peking—the motor cars had been told to take them to a different farm. This one had an electrified wire running round it, put there by the Japanese, he was told (many things in China which you might assume to be started by the Communists have simply been taken over), but still used, at night, with moderate voltage, 'for protection'. For *what* protection? 'To keep the state workers in? It seemed unlikely. To keep the co-operators out? But they were passing freely through the gates. The wire, however, was new', etc.; so he decides it was 'probably directed against saboteurs'. He says 'wire' in the singular, and surely this can only mean the familiar object which the human race can easily negotiate. It never even crosses his mind that the thing might be used to keep the cows in. I, too, can have refined suspicions; I suspect that Mr Bertram added these reflections (remote in his text from the report of the visit) when he was feeling he had better show that he isn't easy to hoodwink. However, it does show that he can enter the mood of suspicion proper to a state visitor; and the book as a whole is shiningly truthful and unaffected.

Perhaps the most interesting part is the conversation with the Shanghai businessman (that is, the Chinese rather than the surviving British ones). The Communists themselves, he says, call it a miracle that they converted the Shanghai businessmen in 1955 and 56; and he is clearly right to say that the story makes rather more sense after reading his interviews. I saw a little bit of the Tientsin business people in 1952, on my way home from Peking, and they were additionally cross because of some suggestions from Shanghai that they were too easily rattled; so I am prepared to believe this of Shanghai. I am less ignorant about the teaching position; it is important that the Chinese Middle Schools began teaching English again last year, though only two years, in preparation for university. Mr Bertram only mentions this; I heard it was a result of the Bandung Conference the previous year, which also made the Indians a bit concerned about keeping up the teaching of English (naturally the elder statesmen are a bit startled if they keep catching out their official interpreters). Two

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efficient years of English should be as good as the old six or so, but I can't believe Mr Bertram when he visits Peking University and says 'I am satisfied that academic standards, in the subjects I am qualified to assess, have in no way fallen'. The fall in Chinese knowledge of English began with the Japanese all-out attack in 1937, and was severe, as it was bound to be; Mr Bertram would indeed find greater readiness now among students to speak in a foreign language, but the old system thought it more important to be able to read.

French authors have long enjoyed a hair-raising China of their own, and M. Guillain's report is a noisy one. It was appalling to him earlier to find the Chinese dirty, but still more appalling for him now to find them clean; nerve-racking of them to have so many children (what insects they are! What certainty of disaster!) but still more nerve-racking to have the government sponsor birth-control (*Tyranny!*). We are to believe that he kept on having very shocking things told to him in China, but must not expose his informants to persecution; as he appears not to talk Chinese, and complains that his interpreters never left him alone, and also proves in a spanking chapter that all Chinese have had their minds destroyed by a committee process so that they are passively imbecile, one rather wonders who these informants were. I expect he made his position so clear that only disgruntled characters cared to talk to him. His chapter on the conversion of Shanghai businessmen ought certainly to be read next to Mr Bertram's by a seeker for truth; but surely, if the government merely wanted to expropriate them, it would not be shy about saying so; Mr Bertram's account, that they were 'recognised as having important technical qualifications' and offered a bargain for them, is inherently more plausible. No doubt a boiling amount of fuss went on, but the Old China Hand would be the first to agree that Shanghai needed that; it needn't be viewed entirely through torture-spectacles.

Still, I warmly agreed with M. Guillain when he quietened his prose style and summed up. He thinks that it is ludicrous 'not to recognise' a country where such great and decisive things are being done; that Communism is a very rough horse-doctoring, which probably became the only hope for China but certainly isn't (yet) for Western Europe; that though it is very severe for the Chinese intellectuals they will quite likely become able to handle it later on; and that the spectacle of these immense rapid achievements made him feel that France also urgently needs some kind of vigorous and popularly inspiriting Socialism.

WILLIAM EMPSON

You and Us

The Maids. By JEAN GENET. *Faber.* 5*s.*

A summary of the plot of *Les Bonnes*, now published in an English translation, which reads like English, by Bernard Frechtman, is easy to make but totally misleading, because events take place on different planes of reality. Put too simply, it is this: two maids who are sisters, fed up with their servile lot, decide to murder their mistress. They have unjustly denounced Madame's lover to the police, but on hearing he has been released on bail, fear their denunciations will be unmasked, and so redouble their efforts to do away with her. The plot fails for the absurd reason that Madame is too preoccupied with Monsieur to swallow her tea (this time with the fatal pills in it), and they set about trying to murder each other instead. In this they also fail but one succeeds in committing suicide. The whole affair never gets beyond a beautiful dream in Genet's head. They are not maids and a mistress at all, but boys *en travestie*, whom Genet loves and who crop up as the heroes of all his books. Genet could never have written with feeling about women, only with malice; they had to be boys in his mind at least. Even in modern literature where subject-matter has been whittled away, its emotional charge is as powerful as ever. But like any dramatist Genet wanted to sound out an audience, and so the meaning of the play had to be veiled.

One has to know about Genet to understand the play. He was born an illegitimate child in 1910, abandoned by his mother and placed in a Foundling Hospital. He never knew who his father was. He began on a career of theft at ten, and as a consenting but far from adult male wandered over the whole of Europe, picking up a little money as a prostitute and more as a thief, but hardly enough to live. He has described it all in his autobiography, *The Thief's Journal*. So fantastic is the life he led that one can hardly believe he is not boasting – a Baron Munchausen inventing a fabulous gutter. I have tried to track his course from it but he is vague and muddled over dates; this refusal to document his movements gives the book the ring of genuineness. We find him in Barcelona as a beggar; in Andalusia as tramp and prostitute (1934); back starving in Marseilles; in and out of prison for theft in every European country from France to Czechoslavakia (1934-5); Germany (1935-6); finally Antwerp before the second war – often sea-towns, one notices, where internationalism has stamped out a stable social system. In 1948 he was convicted of theft for the tenth time and only escaped life imprisonment through the intervention of eminent French writers. (Could we rely on ours to do the same?) Wherever he goes he links up with other boy criminals, who earn his love provided they are smelly, vicious and handsome. If they betray him, he warms towards them; no crime is too monstrous to lose them his love. His two most famous novels, *Querelle de Brest* and *Notre-Dame-des-Fleurs*, are hymns of praise to all the juvenile delinquents he runs into in the harbours and prisons of Europe.

A doctor will pounce on Genet's upbringing as the explanation of this passionate need for self-abasement, this struggle to be rid of moral scruples. One presumes that he must have had scruples: otherwise it would be difficult to account for him behaving as though he had none. There is more to it than upbringing, which one cannot penetrate; more than failure to find love accounts for the determination to cut himself adrift from what he calls 'your world' – 'you' being the reader, leading your well-ordered life the other side of the curtain he has rung down against you.

Now we can get back to the boy-maids, the *gamins* in an abject situation, half-relishing their destitution, beggars, tramps and male prostitutes who plan to murder 'you' and each other. 'You' are not just a despicable character, 'you' are half desired with your graceful body; in a way 'you' are one of us. But the boy-maid cannot count on your nastiness; he has to fight for his independence against your seductive good nature. At the same time he has to guard against too much affection for his fellow-outcasts. For there is no solidarity in Genet's world; the treachery he respects lurks around every corner. The play opens brilliantly with a play. One maid, Claire, is acting the part of Madame; the other maid, Solange, is acting Claire's. The game they play releases pent-up feelings against Madame and against each other, a confusion of intense love and hate – feelings

they would never have discovered they possessed if they had been content to act their own parts. Madame is made out a monster of selfishness, Solange disgustingly servile – and suddenly they forget it is a game, become themselves for a moment, and turn on each other for some insult too close to the knuckle that has slipped out in the course of the game. Then when Madame appears she turns out all too amiable, and the maids have to steel themselves not to be corrupted by her genuineness. I do not pretend to judge Genet as a stylist; he has been much praised by French critics who can savour the language as no Englishman can. But in spite of the failure to catch the lyricism of the words I am conscious when reading *Les Bonnes* of the same kind of excitement as I derive from Lautréamont and the Gide of the *Caves* and the *Faux Monnayeurs* – not perhaps the most fruitful tradition in French literature, but one which is still capable, as Genet has shown, of some intriguing, outrageous variations.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

Journalist, Don and PRO

The British. By DREW MIDDLETON. *Secker & Warburg.* 25*s.*

Democracy in Western Germany. By RICHARD HISCOCKS. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

Less Than Kin. By WILLIAM CLARK. *Hamish Hamilton.* 16*s.*

Journalists have one thing in common with politicians: they too must be ready to make up their minds on insufficient evidence. For, if the politicians waited until the evidence was sufficient for a sound judgment, there would be nothing left to decide, and then the journalists would have nothing to report. No doubt this is one reason why journalists make such bad historians – and vice versa.

The occasion for these remarks is the appearance of two sharply contrasting books, an academic history of contemporary Germany, by Professor Hiscocks, and a journalistic sketch of contemporary Britain by Mr Drew Middleton, the London correspondent of the *New York Times*. Designed for Americans, *The British* contains a good deal that is obvious to readers here. But its copious facts are accurate, its observations are acute and, best of all, it is written by a journalist who has learnt, first, that the provinces exist and, secondly, that class is the most important concept of our social life. I like Mr Middleton for the knowledge he shows of the Midlands and South Wales, and I shall defend him against those British critics who have blamed him for nagging, all the way through his book, at the fact that angry class-consciousness is on the increase in our post-war Welfare State. The only serious criticism I have of his report on England is that he is an Anglophile, who sees us through True Blue spectacles. Indeed, he regards even the palest pink of Socialism as something unworthy of the Churchillian Britain that he first fell in love with in 1940.

The trouble about *Democracy in Western Germany* is that its author, Mr Richard Hiscocks, has no training or talent as a reporter. Now Professor of Political Science in Winnipeg, he lived in Germany, first for some months at the beginning of the Nazi period and then again since the war. To judge from the portentous bibliography at the end of this volume, he has studied everything worth reading about the Federal Republic – and plenty more besides. He also seems to have been everywhere and met everyone. One might

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FABER

have expected, therefore, that he would be able to give us a circumstantial and authoritative account of the workings of representative institutions in Western Germany and so enable us to form a balanced judgment on whether democracy has come this time to stay. But alas, Professor Hiscocks is a true academic, who can summarise what he reads but who cannot report what he sees and hears. When confronted with live politicians, he handles them as though they were students in an unruly seminar and gives them ratings for their conduct as though he were composing a terminal report. Here is a specimen of his reporting.

> In March 1956 a special 'European' debate was arranged in the Bundestag to emphasise the importance attached to European co-operation. High officials from the Council of Europe's headquarters in Strasbourg were present in the diplomatic gallery. It was, if ever, an occasion when the Chamber should have been on its best behaviour and when a high level of debate should have been maintained. Yet during one speech the interruptions of the Opposition were so loud, aggressive, and persistent that for some minutes the speaker, who had been guilty of an inaccuracy, could not make himself heard and the President was unable to restore order. Quite apart from the impropriety of these methods, a far better rebuttal could have been given by a short speech in reply.

Come off it, Prof.! The politicians of the Federal Republic are not members of the Fifth Form at St. Dominic's.

After the journalist and the professor, the public relations officer. Mr William Clark is one of our leading British experts on the promotion of Anglo-American good will. After teaching at the University of Chicago, he became our first Press Officer in this city and was thence promoted to Washington. Continuing his Anglo-American career after the war, he became an editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and, after a spell as diplomatic correspondent of the *Observer*, accepted an invitation to become Sir Anthony Eden's Public Relations Officer at No. 10. The Suez fiasco was too big a strain even for Mr Clark's Anglo-American expertise. He resigned, and *Less Than Kin* is the first product of his retirement. With so much experience to draw on, he could have written a fascinating study of American attitudes to Britain, and in fact the first part of *Less Than Kin* traces the development since the American Revolution of the myths current in the United States about Britain and British Imperialism. These chapters will provide instruction to the British and entertainment to the American reader, who can see his opinions reflected in an elegant distorting mirror.

In the second half of the book I had hoped to have the pleasure of seeing the sillinesses of successive generations of Englishmen about the United States debunked with the same gusto. But Mr Clark's training as a British Public Relations Officer in Chicago and Washington was too strong for him. The exposure of the supercilious delusions about the United States, current both in the old Establishment and in the Labour hierarchy, would have been a painful operation. He has therefore preferred to give us a blameless history of Anglo-American relations, based on the unproven assumption that the two peoples are part of a real entity, called 'the Atlantic community', on whose growth the survival of freedom depends. The fairest thing I can say about *Less Than Kin* is that it is just the book which the Foreign Office will in future recommend any British lecturer to mug up before undertaking a coast-to-coast tour. In fact, it is a product not of Mr Clark's new career as a journalist, eager to reveal the facts, but of his old career as a Public Relations Officer, determined to improve them.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Men, Women and Poets

A Visit to Mrs Wilcox. By NAOMI LEWIS. *Cresset.* 21*s.*

A Measure of Love. By IRIS ORIGO. *Cape.* 21*s.*

It is the basic charm of *A Visit to Mrs Wilcox* – a collection of critical essays and reviews – that one has read nearly everybody. For while the haul is extremely varied, including all sorts from Wyatt to Saroyan, there are few sprats in it; even the title-heroine is hardly a sprat, though a remarkably coarse fish. Still, one may grudge to see her crowding her betters; *they* have just space to breathe, while Ella (along with a better claimant, the child in fiction) gets a large room. Certainly an amusing room in its way, but it is not as though Miss Lewis had a natural flair for the 'unacceptable'. On the contrary: she is best on the writers who mean most to her – especially poets. In this volume there are two essays on Clare, and what one might call one and a half on Browning, more enjoyable than a wilderness of Wilcoxes. I began by shirking the one on Crabbe. No doubt all of us hold a personal brief for some writers, which may or may not extend to touchiness; I am rather touchy about Crabbe. But this sentiment makes it a peculiar delight to find that one needn't worry, and as it turned out, the essay on Crabbe was my favourite. The addict has nothing to wish for but a few things it doesn't say, which the author might well have liked to say.

With novels Miss Lewis is less in her element. For me there were two special cases, Lady Ritchie and Charlotte Yonge, and I was disappointed on both. Admittedly, Charlotte Yonge the novelist was blighted by Charlotte Yonge the Tractarian; Miss Lewis is excellent on the blight, but falls short on the gift, which is the real challenge. And when it comes to Thackeray's daughter – 'Her novels', we are told clinchingly, 'rest on the shelves'. Yes, but it is for the critic to place them on the right shelf – in the small, elect company of the 'lady amateurs' – and move one to take them down. But then criticism is not the whole substance. These writers also, and sometimes chiefly, appear as men and women; and one of her best things is an imaginative little portrait of Wilkie Collins, with his *oeuvre* as a background, while there is one prose writer who inspires her like Clare and Crabbe – Hans Andersen. I needn't say why.

Anyone with a sense of form who was about to house a diversity of studies in the same book would be prompted to find it homogeneous. Hence the Marchesa Origo's title. What her subjects patently have in common – that all belong to the nineteenth century – seemed too vague; for that matter, they overlap at both ends. However, it can be pointed out that they are all rather odd, and all 'highly self-conscious and articulate' (the child Allegra by proxy). And beyond that, we are asked to see the flaw in their lives as a deficiency of love. Which may be true, but could equally well be said of most people. Indeed the remarkable thing here is that the five studies include an exception – an elderly Venetian Juliet, overflowing with fat, nature and loving-kindness, and in her ripe years true as a turtle-dove. 'What joy,' she exclaimed at sixty-nine, 'the future holds for me – ever clinging tightly to my Beppe!' And what misery if he went to Padua, which was as far as he ever went. 'My Beppe, I feel as if I were alone in the midst of the universe. The wounds in my heart are bleeding. . . . Tell our dear Checco that I ate so well yesterday, and today too. I am so sad that I very much appre-

ciate something tasty. . . .' Marina Benzon strikes one as the model of a nice woman – half angel and half goose. She valued Lord Byron for his heart – 'There are some singularities in the head . . . but that heart of yours is perfect.'

Of course, she was without benefit of *Allegra*. This I could hardly bring myself to get through, not for the sadness, but because it was so painful to be in company with the noble lord. Everything he says of 'my bastard' is a screaming discord; even his having named her Allegra makes the blood boil. An unhealthy turmoil, with an eerie kind of relief in the background. For though the convent glimmeringly appears as charming, and the *inglesina* as its pet, they give one a yawning sense of the abyss. By contrast, with the Lady Ashburtons and the Carlyles, and the complementary *Mazzini in Cheyne Row*, we are in full daylight; and I nearly always agreed – which one can't help chalking up to the author, however fatuously. Only she seems rather hard on Mrs Carlyle. It is not a coolness to which one can say, 'Yes, but –'; the buts are listed, but with less sympathy than you might expect. Yet I may be wrong; certainly, what is described here as 'a more than cordial, an almost tender' letter from Jane to Mazzini's mother is what I should call an embarrassing piece of gush. We get a few lines of it, according to the author's rule that everyone should be heard verbatim whenever possible. This is indeed the golden rule of biography. But *The Mirage* – a portrait of Marie Lenéru, taken from her *Journal* – suggests that there should also have been a listening ear; at least when the subject is 'more heroic than tender'. Snatches of monologue sound too hard. I had never read the *Journal*; and now, in spite of the graceful biographer, the intensity of the theme, and a conviction that it would grow on one, I only half want to.

K. JOHN

Six Up and Seven Down

Six Great Actors. By RICHARD FINDLATER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Seven Deadly Sins of Hollywood. By THOMAS WISEMAN. *Oldbourne Press.* 15*s.*

Comparatively few people are addicted to full-length biographies of actors; the rest, the casual theatre-goers, are bound to feel that one actor's life must be very like another's and they are aware, however obscurely, that the personality of the actor off-stage is something that he has invented or which has been foisted upon him. The exciting points of his career occur on stage, when he is being other men.

Mr Findlater meets his task in the most admirable way. He is dispassionate but never over-cautious, never heated, never cold, and this makes for the firm, level tone of someone who has thought long about all aspects of his theme and writes of them at a normal, healthy blood-temperature. If this sounds dull, let me add that it is, on the contrary, as exciting as, in this field, it is rare.

Other of Mr Findlater's virtues are that he always manages to relate and indeed weave together the actor and the man, the achievement, the background and the time, and in a subtle way to keep alive the all-important driving impulse of the men of whom he writes, the impulse and the gift to act. All except one, it seems. Johnston Forbes-Robertson confessed that never at any time had he come on the stage without longing for the moment when the curtain would come down on the last act. 'Rarely, very rarely have I enjoyed

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JOHN MURRAY

myself in acting. This cannot be the proper mental attitude for an actor. . . .' That poses a most interesting riddle, for it was the same actor who confessed 'to pride at being a link with the great past in my calling', and wrote in his autobiography: 'I would gladly have remained an actor pure and simple. . . .' The statements seem somewhat incompatible, but Mr Findlater answers the riddle neatly. He suggests that Forbes-Robertson was a great actor when he played Hamlet. There are few people still living who would be in an authoritative position to dispute the answer. Garrick, Kean, Kemble, Macready and Irving are Mr Findlater's five other 'Greats'. All six leap to life.

Mr Thomas Wiseman is clearly born out of his time, which is a grave disadvantage in the entertainment world. Over a hundred years ago the comparative laxness of the laws of libel would have allowed him to put his shoulder to the chip with more effect. Kean and the scandal with Mrs Alderman Cox, for instance, would have been his meat, and Kean's Wolves' Club ('It is my hope that every wolf oppressed with worldly grievance . . . may exclaim "I'll to my brother"') might have inspired him to something more remarkable and truly frightening, or at any rate something less straining after effect. But now what is there for him? *Confidential* or the *Evening Standard*? He falls, or sits, between two stools. His only hits, if not impalpable, are all 'outers', between the lines.

From the frequency with which he mentions the 'sock in the jaw' that some film actor or other is threatening to give someone or other, one does not know whether he would fear or welcome one himself. Both, probably. He seems to invite it but possibly avoids it by his way of seeming to say 'Come on, hit me'. At the moment of danger – if it ever is danger – he drops his guard, smiles and slips into a feeble Runyonesque present tense.

> Frankie's girl tells me that she is a singer and she thinks Frankie is just great. . . . Frankie says he is going to Spain shortly to make a film and does anybody know any beautiful girls in Spain? Suddenly nobody knows any beautiful girls in Spain, and there is no mention of Ava Gardner who is a beautiful girl and often in Spain these days.

The blurb of his book has a blushful *braggadocio*: Marilyn Monroe's eyelashes brushed his cheeks . . . Frank Sinatra offered to punch his nose . . . Esther Williams invited him for a swim . . .' etc., etc., 'but Thomas Wiseman, the *Evening Standard's* controversial show-business columnist, returned from Hollywood more or less unscathed.' Of course he did.

Within this peripatetic framework, he implies that he is being provocative and detached, sexy and moralistic at the same time. But in the proper sense of the words his book gives evidence of none of these things. His only talent seems to be slyness. He is always on the windy side of the sock on the jaw.

While suggesting that Miss Dietrich has a motherly, practical side – which has been written about, and better written, before – he cannot resist mentioning that 'she seated herself on a settee and took a cigarette from a cigarette box. I stood up to light it for her; as she inhaled she looked at me, her eyelashes lifting like stage-curtains. . . .'

Having penned his title – for better, for box-office – he is in honour bound to list his Seven Deadly Sins, and they are: snobbery, gossip, sycophancy, shoptalk, egomania, salesmanship and parochialism. Leave out, possibly, egomania and salesmanship, and of what community could not this without much unfairness be said? Curious to my mind, that he omits the Gargantuan if delitescent Boredom of Hollywood. It seems to me a timid indictment. But not surprising from one who wants to hunt with the hare and run with the hounds. The result is curiously fourth-form.

MICHAEL REDGRAVE

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BILL NAUGHTON
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NESTA PAIN
A fascinating account of the life of insects above and below ground.
Illustrated **18s net**

MacGibbon & Kee

Life with Uncle

Beethoven and his Nephew. By EDITHA and RICHARD STERBA. *Dobson*. 30*s*.

Everyone interested in Beethoven knows that the latter part of his life was bedevilled by troubles over his nephew Karl; but few can have realised the extent or precise nature of these troubles. During some twelve years Beethoven was a man obsessed, unable for long periods to concentrate on anything but a single, highly distressing human relationship. Goodness knows what unwritten masterpieces this obsession has cost us; the wonder is that, in such conditions, anything at all – let alone the Ninth Symphony, the Mass in D and the late Quartets – should have come to birth.

The composer had two younger brothers, Karl and Johann, commonplace and somewhat boorish individuals for whom he felt emotions that were half protective and half resentful; he disapproved, moreover, and with some reason, of their wives. In 1815 Karl died, leaving a nine-year-old son of the same name to the joint guardianship of his widow and the composer. It was from the first an impossible arrangement; and it led to a protracted series of lawsuits, in the course of which previous decisions were more than once reversed, so that the boy was continually being shuttled backwards and forwards between his somewhat disreputable mother and his deaf, eccentric uncle. That he was attractive, able and adored by both parties only made things worse. In the long run Beethoven gained the legal victory, and did his best to prevent any further meetings between the boy and his mother (whom he called 'the Queen of the Night', seeing himself evidently as Sarastro); he put Karl into various schools and institutions, with the masters of which he invariably quarrelled; he even took the boy into his own utterly confused and disorderly household, where – to quote two instances of the prevailing squalor – the butter was found wrapped in the missing *Kyrie* of the Mass, and a French visitor observed an unemptied chamber-pot beneath the piano. According to the generally received account, Karl showed himself ungrateful and wholly unworthy of the great man's affection. He was lazy and deceitful, we are told; he got into debt; at last he attempted to commit suicide, and 'bungled even that'. This unkind phrase, typical of the general approach of the biographers, comes from the generally admirable article on Beethoven by William McNaught in the new edition of *Grove*.

Even before the present full-length study of this tragic and tormented relationship, one or two writers – notably Romain Rolland – had suspected that history might have been unfair to Karl. It so happens that we possess (or possessed) an extraordinary and unique source of information about the details of Beethoven's later years. After he became totally deaf, he made use of Conversation Books in which his companions had to write down their part of the talk. Occasionally, when confidential matters were under discussion in a public place, Beethoven would write his own part too; as a rule, the effect is that of overhearing one side of a telephone conversation – from which it is usually quite easy to supply the gist of the other side. At Beethoven's death over 400 Conversation Books survived; his first biographer, the 'idealising' Schindler, destroyed 264 of them, presumably because their contents were inconvenient to his purpose, and left the remaining 136 to the Royal Library in Berlin. From these, various excerpts and incomplete translations have been made; only in 1941 was their complete publication begun. Of ten projected volumes, no more than three have appeared; in 1951 the entire collection, together with the responsible librarian, vanished from Berlin.

Nevertheless, sufficient extracts have been published to give any unprejudiced student a very different picture of the case from that commonly accepted. Beethoven appears as not merely difficult and touchy, but jealous and possessive to a neurotic degree, emotionally dominating, completely uninhibited in his abuse to Karl of his mother and school friends, and given to a suspicious and tyrannical nagging of the poor boy, morning noon and night. Conversely, Karl, young as he is, often appears amazingly self-possessed and mature. To some extent, of course, he takes his colour from his uncle, of whom he was proud and, at first, fond; there is a grotesque passage in which we overhear uncle and nephew planning to beat a chambermaid: 'Nothing will happen to us; for she will not defend herself strongly against the two of us. . . . If only no one comes to help her'. As a rule, however, we cannot read far in these extraordinary conversations without recognising that it is the nephew, not the uncle, who continually displays the greater intelligence, dignity and self-control.

The present authors, of Austrian birth, Freudian psychologists and accomplished musicians, are in every way uncommonly well equipped to unravel the painful, absorbing story. They write well; and their scrupulously documented narrative, though bound to encounter strong resistance,

is in no sense a crude 'debunking' of a great man. Once or twice only does their interpretation of some isolated incident strike me as displaying that 'heads-I-win-tails-you-lose' attitude characteristic of Marxist, Roman Catholic and psychoanalytical apologetics. Thus, we are asked to see 'Beethoven in the role of rejecting an erotic relationship' when he merely shows understandable annoyance with a waitress bribed to flirt with him by a group of practical jokers; moreover, the authors' discussion of his evasive love-relationships with several women ignores the whole highly relevant question of his venereal disease. But their general picture of a great genius, tormenting himself and others by the unbridled violence of his nature, a man of fundamentally moral outlook and humane impulse but so little self-critical as to be incapable of an objective appraisal of any situation in which his emotions were involved, carries a terrible conviction.

What became of Karl? Astounding as it must seem, he turned out well. He became an excellent army officer, especially noted for his 'kindness and patience with subordinates'. On inheriting money from both his uncles, he left the service, married happily and became the devoted father of five children. He is said to have improvised beautifully at the piano. Already in his lifetime the reckless denigration of his character and behaviour had begun; but he maintained an aloof and dignified silence, and died in 1858 at the age of fifty-two.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Extremities

Mischief in Patagonia. By H. W. TILMAN. *Cambridge.* 21*s.*

High Arctic. By MIKE BANKS. *Dent.* 25*s.*

Men Against the Frozen North. By RITCHIE CALDER. *Allen & Unwin and Nelson.* 16*s.*

At this stage of history a would-be explorer needs not only qualifications or the private means to dispense with them; there is also the yearly more difficult problem of finding somewhere left to explore. Everest has been climbed, the North-West Passage discovered after some 400 years of search, the mysterious Antarctic Continent provisionally dismissed as no more than a gigantic chunk of ice. But to the extremities of the North and the South explorers remain faithful after their changing fashion. Of these three books two are about the Arctic, and one about Patagonia which, though some fifteen parallels north of the Antarctic circle, we may now regard as the southernmost extremity of the southernmost continent.

The best of this trio is Mr H. W. Tilman's wholly delightful *Mischief in Patagonia.* Its author is a distinguished mountaineer who has climbed in many countries, and led the sixth (1938) Everest expedition. When no longer in his first youth (56) he discovered a taste for boats and the sea, and tried – very successfully – to combine a new love with an old. The fruit of this inspired bigamy was the purchase of a small boat (only 45 feet overall) called *Mischief*, and a 10,000-mile voyage to where the unexplored glaciers of Western Patagonia run right into the sea itself. How he and his superbly incompetent crew ever reached Patagonia, much less returned via the Panama Canal, has much of the quality of a good Marx Brothers film; indeed one is amazed that at least Groucho and Harpo did not sign on. When the *Mischief* happened to be on course it was a brilliant fluke – when she was not, it was difficult

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to ask another ship for their position, for no one knew the Morse code. There is more sea than mountain in the book, but Mr Tilman is everything that a popular travel writer should be, and the exact subject of focus is unimportant. He is unpretentious, observant, often very witty, and he has the skill to inform and entertain without breaking the thread of his narrative. ('. . . penguins were first given their name by a Welshman sailing with Sir Thomas Cavendish. He called them "pen gwyn", which is, of course, the Welsh for white head.') And as an introduction to a character, who could be left indifferent by 'He had climbed in the Central Andes and was a student of ballet and a beekeeper'? It would be an unhappy man who found neither interest nor enjoyment in this book, but by Mr Tilman's very modesty it is too easy to forget the achievement. His seems to be the only fully authenticated record of a crossing of the Western Patagonian ice-cap. There are two maps and 23 photographs.

By contrast to the crazy simplicity of Mr Tilman's plan it was, perhaps, the enormous complexity of the 1952-54 British North Greenland Expedition that made me find Captain Mike Banks's *High Arctic* a little indigestible in places. Growing from no more than a personal itch of its leader, Commander Simpson, to do some Arctic exploration somewhere, it eventually flowered into the largest British expedition since Scott, mechanised and supplied by air-lift and complete with seismologists, glaciologists, geophysicists and Uncle Tom Cobley and all – some mobile and some static. Captain Banks, as befits an endearing and high-spirited young mountaineer, was not an -ologist at all, but leader of the Gravity Team, a unit driving Weasels (petrol-engined, tracked, and heart-breakingly temperamental snow vehicles) over – and once, horrifyingly, into – glaciers, and ending by an epic crossing of the whole Greenland ice-cap from Dronning Louise Land to Thule. He warns us in his preface to expect the odour of dirty socks rather than inspirational Arctic ballyhoo; at first I found no odour at all, and ascribed this to some Van Gogh reproductions he had taken with him, knowing that he would miss the sun and colour of the south. (So thorough is the work that you will find the name under V in the index.) I was, however, quite wrong in presuming this to be mental insulation, for he shows himself capable of high flights of descriptive writing, more especially when transcribing direct from his diaries. But these passages are not fully integrated with the record, causing abrupt changes of focus, and there are disconcerting lapses into schoolboy jargon, such as 'rattiness' for anger, and the unhappy word 'chaps' (– after all some of them *did* play cricket on the ice-cap). Though I felt more at ease in the chapters written by Angus Erskine (Dog Transport), the book is a very thorough record of Arctic exploration in the highest tradition, packed with information and incident, and well documented by 9 maps, 25 photographs (too many of beards and not enough of the Arctic) and useful glossaries. And at the end of it all I felt that Arctic exploration had lost no inspirational ballyhoo by becoming mechanised.

Mr Ritchie Calder's *Men Against the Frozen North* is the third of a trilogy, the foregoers being ditto the Jungle and ditto the Desert. This is not a work of exploration in the stricter sense, for Mr Calder visits no unknown territory. '. . . What was the "object of the exercise"? It was what someone has called – in reference to my other journeys – a "synoptic survey", or what I prefer to call a reconnaissance not only of the terrain but of the manifold problems and possibilties of a region that is very little known.' All but the last two chapters are called 'Operation' something, of which 'Operation Survival' (the Canadian Air Force Arctic Survival Course) and 'Operation North Pole' (by air) are fair examples. In spite of the reader's objections to the titling, the style is easy, fluent and practised, and the material very informative. There are a number of excellent photographs, and end-maps besides others in the text.

GAVIN MAXWELL

Digging Deep

The Testimony of the Spade. By GEOFFREY BIBBY. *Collins*. 30*s*.

Digging up Jericho. By KATHLEEN KENYON. *Benn*. 30*s*.

Adventures in the Nearest East. By CYRUS GORDON. *Phoenix*. 25*s*.

Old Stone Age. By STEVAN CELEBONOVIC and GEOFFREY GRIGSON. *Phoenix*. 30*s*.

More than any other class of scientist, archæologists are always explaining to the public why they do what they do, as if it needed constant justification, like mountaineering. It is not because archæology is disreputable or abstruse. It is because it is so intelligible and, in its modern technique, so new, that the process of stripping off the centuries layer by layer remains fascinating to the layman and provides material for a dozen popular expositions of the subject each year. The archæologist is always on the verge of revolutionary discoveries. He is digging a bottomless pit in the subsoil of history. Nobody knows what will be found next or where, or what links between objects found long ago thousands of miles apart will suddenly become clear.

Given this public curiosity, and the enormous range of archæology in time and space, it is as easy to write a saleable book about other people's discoveries as it would be to sell the first inside story of the *Sputnik* to a Sunday newspaper. The danger was that popularisers would satisfy public demand by plagiarising the work of the experts. Happily this hasn't happened. The experts, who never shared the prejudices of physicists or astronomers against letting in the public on their secrets, soon began to write the books themselves, both to make money for their next season's work and because they felt affection for a public which so rapidly grasped the distinction between digging and excavation, between treasure-hunting and archæology. Hence a book like Mr Bibby's. He is an excellent example of the scholar who has taken real trouble to make his subject justifiably spectacular. He tells all the old stories, and many new ones, to illustrate the unexpectedness of discovery, by workmen laying drains for a housing estate, the dog vanishing into a cave mouth, or the archæologist himself idly kicking over a stone before finally abandoning a site as unfruitful. All this is the juice of the book. Its meat is the argument that northern Europe existed before the Mediterranean peoples discovered it. Until lately, we have swallowed Tacitus whole. Everything cis-Alpine and pre-Roman has seemed to us brutish and short, and even our own comic ancient Britons were lumped together monolithically in a barbarism millennia thick. The idea that they were not one but many peoples, with solid achievements and violently fluctuating fortunes, has only emerged during the last thirty years; the idea that they had strong links with the continent emerged during the last fifteen. Mr Bibby is not the first to develop these ideas and wipe off some of the woad. But he does it more interestingly than any others who preceded him.

Miss Kenyon is concerned with one place only, Jericho, both the oldest and lowest town in the world, founded 8,000 years ago on a site 1,200 feet below sea-level. As you stand on the lip of the great trench which she has carved into the mound accumulated by the building of city upon the ruins of city, you are likely to peer vaguely into its lowest depths for signs of the wall which tumbled to Joshua's trumpets. It is then explained to you that Joshua's wall came too late in the history of the town to have survived. It has been washed away by surface erosion, and everything now visible is pre-Old Testament. Joshua is separated from the founders of Jericho by nearly twice the number of centuries that separate us from Joshua, and Joshua lived about 1330 BC. Miss Kenyon, in the sixth season of her excavations had still not got to the bottom. Her trench is already fifty feet deep, and in her present lowest levels she has revealed evidence of city life a thousand years older than any previously suspected. The deeper she digs, the better preserved her evidence becomes, sealed by an ever-mounting pile of later relics. So the interest of Jericho, unlike superficially comparable sites like Troy, intensifies as we sink further and further below the crust of known history. Miss Kenyon's book, an interim report to the general public, is an exposition of the most interesting excavations now being conducted anywhere in the world. It is also a charmingly fresh description of how an excavation on this scale is even possible when the site lies in the middle of one of the most explosive areas of the Middle East.

Cyrus Gordon is an American archæologist best known for his work on the Ugric language. His *Adventures in the Nearest East* take him over the whole field of archæology in the fertile

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crescent, partly by simplified accounts of his own excavations and field-studies, and partly in a general commentary on how excavation methods have changed during his lifetime. His work has given him a wonderful perspective. He sees the British Sunday as an old Hebrew institution; he considers the discovery of writing in the fourth millennium BC as much more remarkable than the discovery of nuclear power today. He commends his own work to us as providing a useful clue to the rise and fall of past and present civilisations. Time for him is telescoped, and the only regret he must have is that we will leave behind us less evidence of how we lived than any previous period in history. For we destroy our rubbish, instead of throwing it on the floor and laying a new floor above it. To this animal squalor we owe almost all we know of the *Old Stone Age*, but Stevan Celebonovic has picked out for his wonderful photographs the few examples of painting and sculpture that have survived. So immensely old are they, so remote in spirit from our own day, and so divorced from any ascertainable fact, that the sculptures seem less works of man than a sudden tightening of the natural stone. Geoffrey Grigson's commentary on the plates does everything that can be done to link us to them.

NIGEL NICOLSON

Comintern Man

The Roots of American Communism. By THEODORE DRAPER. *Macmillan.* 40*s.*

Child of the Revolution. By WOLFGANG LEONHARD. *Collins.* 25*s.*

Here is the life cycle of the Comintern Man. Mr Draper's book, a remarkable study, describes his birth and adolescence; Mr Leonhard's moving autobiography tells, not of his death, but of his conversion by Stalinism into a living mummy – the functionary. No matter that Mr Draper is concerned with the intrigues of the tiny sects which created the American CP, while Mr Leonhard was one of the last products of the secret Comintern training school and, until he defected to Yugoslavia in 1949, a high party official in East Germany. They are writing about the same problem. How and why did Marxist revolutionaries become corrupted into ruthless instruments of Soviet power?

Mr Draper suggests that this transformation was inevitable from the moment that the revolution succeeded in Russia, and nowhere else. American Communism was not born easily, and it had mixed parentage: the European traditions of Jewish and North European immigrants – who dominated the movement until late in the Twenties – made an uneasy marriage with an American radicalism which ranged from the Wobblies, through the Left Socialists, to former Progressives. It was isolated, incompetent, and congenitally minority-minded. (Until 1923, indeed, there were two illegal Communist parties, each with its own 'front' party above ground, and one of the illegal parties was split into two factions.) Failure and futility at home made the Russian revolution all the more attractive: success could be vicarious. As Mr Draper rightly comments, this preoccupation with a foreign revolution on the part of American Communists gave them 'the strength of profound faith and optimism' as well as 'the weakness of future disorientation and debasement'. And from the moment that they first took their internal disputes to the Comintern for settlement they were bound to become its creatures, their leadership and their line faithfully reflecting every

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stage of the power struggle within Russia and the needs of Soviet policy. Through all these stages their dilemma remained the same: how to make the Russian present the road to the American future. It was an impossible assignment, and the heart-breaking attempt to carry it out was bound to create the disciplined but unprincipled Comintern Man.

This was the beginning. Mr Leonhard's book is the end. As a boy he went to Moscow with his mother, a Communist who had worked underground against Hitler. His mother soon vanished in the great purge – after 12 years in Soviet concentration camps she was finally reunited with her son in Berlin, shortly before he broke with the regime. But young Wolfgang's loyalty was not shaken. And it is his explanation of this 'two-level' life that makes his book so important: unless this duality is understood it is impossible to grasp why, without conscious duplicity, Communists have been able so long to reconcile illusion with reality, why Russians can be both supporters of the regime and aware of its most fearful defects. Knowing of the mass arrests, of the fantastic gap between the privileges of the élite and the grey hardship of life for the ordinary worker or peasant, and of the corruption of the career Communists, Mr Leonhard was still able to be a loyal Pioneer, Komsomol, and finally a graduate of the top-secret Comintern school. When, in 1945, the German party leader Walter Ulbricht returned to Berlin, Wolfgang Leonhard was one of the ten Moscow-trained men who accompanied him to impose Stalin-style Communism on East Germany: he was a Comintern Man, a trusted functionary, supposedly purged of 'romantic revolutionary idealism'.

There have been many books by ex-Communists. But this one is unusually important because Mr Leonhard speaks for what one can only call the 'Socialist opposition' in Russia and eastern Europe – and, if Communist regimes are to be reformed and democratised, then it is only this 'opposition' which can be the lever of change. Just as he was driven to contrast Soviet reality with his Socialist beliefs – there is a fascinating passage in which he describes his first chance to read an article by Trotsky – so thousands of other young Hungarians, Poles, Czechs and even Russians have passed through the same process of development and come to similar conclusions. He does not pretend that this is more than a trend, though it has found expression in Tito, Gomulka, Nagy and the students of Budapest and Warsaw. But the significant point about this trend is the common belief that the real Communists are the opposition, the people with 'political collywobbles', whose views Mr Leonhard sums up succinctly under eight heads. They object to the complete dependence of foreign Communist parties upon the USSR; to the demand that they follow the Soviet model; to the continual strengthening of the state power; to the centralisation of industrial control; to the infallibility of the party and Soviet leadership; to the suppression of party democracy; to the privileges of the 'new class'; and to repression as a permanent feature of the Communist society.

The most remarkable tribute to this unorganised 'opposition', of course, is that since Stalin's death it has forced Krushchev, not only to meet, but to base his nominal programme on precisely these eight points of criticism. It is nowhere near power: but the important fact is that it exists, that it seems to be gaining strength, and that it offers a definite alternative to Stalinism. Mr Leonhard has done his anonymous friends a great service by writing this book. For it explains as clearly as anything I know how Communism became Stalinism – see, for instance, the revealing account of the rift between the Moscow-trained men and the German party members who fought illegally against Hitler – and how, in turn, Stalinism created an opposition on the Left. Can the system be reformed from within? Orwell and Djilas say it cannot. Mr Leonhard claims that it can, and his personal history is offered as the proof. In the long run, everything depends on which of them is right.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

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New Novels

This Side of the Truth. By ELIZABETH MONTAGU. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

At Lady Molly's. By ANTHONY POWELL. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

The Castle of Fratta. By IPPOLITO NIEVO. Translated by LOVETT F. EDWARDS. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

Coup de Grace. By MARGUERITE YOURCENAR. Translated by GRACE FRICK in collaboration with the author. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Here are four newly published novels (to be sure, one of them was written a hundred years ago) which are all works of literature. What an event in a reviewer's year! Miss Montagu's novel is so brilliant merely as a *tour de force* that its quite exceptional merits as a 'straight' novel are likely, perhaps, to be underestimated. Its nearest recent equivalents are, for theme, *The Go-Between* and, for manner of presentation, *The Catcher in the Rye*. The story is told by a girl of thirteen and Miss Montagu carries her cunning of impersonation so far as to make young Sarah Carrington talk of conversation about 'literal' things when she means 'literary' things and to hinge a whole crux of the plot upon Sarah's confusion of the word 'randy', which she has never heard before, with the word 'shandy', which she has. To have invented a style in which such a girl might not exactly write but certainly think and talk is a wonderful technical achievement.

Sarah is upper-class. Her rich, neurotic mother has divorced Sarah's father and married a charmer, Mark, ten years younger than herself. Mark and Sarah are in instinctive defensive alliance against the mother's frequent 'scenes'. The mother is obsessively and possessively jealous of Mark, without feeling genuinely amorous about him. At once hysterical and frigid, stupid, and knowing that she is stupid, she uses her hysteria to protect her stupidity. On a holiday in the south of France, Mark becomes attracted to a very beautiful, and probably gently and sweetly promiscuous, but also genuinely loving and troubled girl, called Catherine, who is marrying a hateful rich man for his money. Sarah's mother, who recognises and fears her daughter's extraordinary innocent intelligence, wants Sarah more or less to spy on Mark and Catherine, or at least to take emotional sides against them. Mark, who loves Sarah, is led to think that she is spying, and becomes momentarily furious. Sarah's distress, communicated to Catherine, breaks up the incipient affair. The terrible climax of the book comes when Sarah's mother turns the screws too hard on her daughter and Sarah, speaking out at last what she has long thought about her mother's character, in effect morally destroys her. And it is just after this appalling scene that Sarah goes off, really to enjoy herself for the first time that holiday, to the carnival. I think I have rarely seen the mingled clarity and confusion of a young adolescent's apprehension of the world, the mingled sweetness and ruthlessness of an adolescent's judgment of it, better done. The theme is tragic, but there are lovely passages of comic writing.

If not our best, Mr Powell is, for my money, our most consistently pleasurable living novelist. He seems to know exactly how English people of every social background, and of an extraordinary variety of ranges of interest, look, behave, and, above all, sound. Of course, his art must in fact be highly selective; but where Mr Evelyn Waugh, the novelist with whom it is most natural to compare him, nearly always gives the impression of 'pointing up' or brilliantly exaggerating situations, Mr Powell, sharing Mr Waugh's taste for life's absurder incidents, leaves one always with a feeling that this is exactly how the incidents must have happened. The sober precision, also, of the style of his narrator, Nicholas Jenkins, gives the effect of the best kind of intelligent gossip, in which people are not 'showing off', or trying to make a good story better, but trying to recall every relevant detail of a situation and of their reactions to it.

One of Mr Powell's great comic gifts is his delighted appreciation of the flair of some of the upper-class English for taking awkward or incongruous situations in their stride; as in the passage in this new novel where Lady Frederica Budd, a Lady-in-Waiting who looks as if no item of her toilet was ever disturbed between rising and bedtime, all handsome invulnerability, pays a very polite visit with Nicholas to the Lesbian and bohemian Chelsea *ménage* of her sister Norah, whom she finds 'lying prone on the ground, her skirt rucked up to her thighs, showing a strip of skin above each stocking'. The actual 'story', the least important element in Mr Powell's long sequence of social comedies, as usual pro-

ceeds slowly. Nicholas is to get married, but the courtship is off stage. Poor wretched Widmerpool courts a brassy Riviera widow, feels that she expects him to be dog enough to anticipate marriage, and has a fiasco. Charles Stringham who, with his gift for attractive disaster, for the passionate squandering of advantages, I find the most likeable of Mr Powell's heroes, does not appear; he is reported to be struggling with alcoholism. Is Nicholas himself growing a little harder? But it is enough for his fans to say that Mr Powell is up to form and that his eye for inner dryness and outer pretence is balanced, as usual, by his less obvious but persistent sympathy for unassuming or eccentric niceness.

I have left myself little space for the last two books. Ippolito Nievo, Garibaldian hero, patriotic poet, passionate lover, was drowned at thirty on the way home from Sicily, because he would not wait for three days for a safe boat to take him to see his mistress. The novel was written very hastily in the year before his death, exactly a hundred years ago. He is a character that Stendhal might have invented and his huge, rich, ramshackle novel is something that Stendhal might have written if he could have let Fabrizio del Dongo tell his own story with Italian volubility, digressiveness, and amplitude. The heroine, Pisana, fickle, moody, coquettish, desperately generous, is delightful.

Nievo's book is full of the generous rush of revolutionary nationalistic emotion. The emotions of Miss Yourcenar's hero are not attractive. He is an aristocrat, a reactionary, a counter-revolutionary soldier of fortune, with a strong and not too latent streak of romantic German homosexuality in his nature. He is proud of his prowess as a killer, of his hardness, and he reads Rilke. He sets off to fight the Russians in the Baltic provinces after the Russian revolution. The sister of his best friend deserts to the Russians when she realises he loves her brother, not her, is captured by his unit, and asks him to shoot her, which he does. There is a strong smell of brandy, epigram, the higher Fascism, the more tiresome sort of late romantic soulfulness, well-mannered sadism, and cigars. Miss Yourcenar is not, of course, siding with her hero, but the pompous and affected way in which he tells his story makes this seem, after the triumph of *Memoirs of Hadrian*, very much a 'made' book.

G. S. FRASER

Crime and Detection

Might As Well be Dead. By REX STOUT. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Bony Buys a Woman. By ARTHUR UPFIELD. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Soft Talkers. By MARGARET MILLAR. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Man in Charge. By RICHARD JESSUP. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Crime is Murder. By HELEN NIELSEN. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Final Exposure. By PAUL MANSFIELD. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Double Doom. By JOSEPHINE BELL. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The title, *Might As Well Be Dead*, refers to the state of mind of a love-sick young man who, though sentenced to death for a murder he did not commit, rejects Nero Wolfe's proffered help to prove him not guilty – it has no bearing whatever on subsequent events. When one of Wolfe's'

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hireling detectives starts probing and is immediately assassinated, the real plot launches out and proceeds, with mercifully little police interference or Archie Goodwin gallivanting, at a spanking pace to a most satisfying solution. No details can be given; but this is the most delightful and plausible full-length detection Mr Stout has produced in recent years. The reader cannot, however, expect to solve it for himself except by guess-work. The vital evidence is suppressed until twelve pages before the end; and an attempt by the publisher to remedy that defect in the preliminary blurb has been defeated by the printer. On the dust-jacket the misprint is corrected; but who sees that, except a reviewer?

Bony Buys a Woman, described as a detective-thriller, can be recommended for its thrilling component more than its detection. The scene is Lake Eyre in Central Australia where after a murder a man and a child vanish, apparently into thin air. (Those who read Mr Upfield's *Death of a Lake* will have a shrewd guess at their hide-out.) Napoleon Bonaparte, the half-caste detective, is becoming almost too aboriginal in his methods: he copes with this case by dijeridoo at a corroboree. Paleface readers should be able to identify the criminal with more common-sense and less mumbo-jumbo. But the treacherous mud-flats of Lake Eyre amply compensate for any lack of excitement in the fairly obvious plot.

There is nothing at all obvious in *The Soft Talkers*, a triumph of subtle mystification by a formidable new arrival on the scene of detection. Her previous book *Beast in View* was most deluding. Miss Millar, in spite of her straightforward confiding manner, hides a variety of aces up her sleeve. The scene is Canada, where a husband sets out for a fishing trip which he never lives to enjoy. How deep must one dig in his environment to account for his demise? Miss Millar attributes to some of her Canadians a depth of wickedness which will astound you. I can say no more.

A naked woman for the corpse, an innocent man framed for the crime, small town politics, corrupt police and one solitary upright detective staking his career in pursuit of justice – all these stock ingredients of American detection crop up in *The Man in Charge*. Mr Jessup is no Raymond Chandler but he handles the formula better than most. His characters bear some resemblance to human beings; his suspects are numerous and well supplied with motives; and even if his hero-detective is audibly creaking at the joints, one may still derive some vicarious satisfaction from watching virtue triumph over vice.

The setting for *The Crime is Murder* is a musical festival, in what appears to be small-town New England, to commemorate a composer of genius who died in a fire many years ago. Who lit that old fire? Miss Nielsen's sophisticated style aims at too sophisticated an audience for her to succeed in fobbing us off with an alternative problem. Besides, she reveals her feminine sympathies and antipathies too freely for her own good. Still, she writes intelligent, economical prose; and her plot includes one genuine surprise. We may have recognised the villain all along, but the hero's identity is reserved for the last chapter.

Final Exposure is an exotic affair on an island in the West Indies, and a creditable first venture into detection by a new author. At a party of expatriates in proper tropical surroundings the lights go out, and whang! Someone is knocked on the head. The solution depends ultimately on infra-red photography, about which Mr Mansfield knows more than we do. But he also allows his characters a few revealing utterances for the benefit of those who like clues. NEW STATESMAN readers will be delighted to share the author's views on inter-racial relations, which are beyond reproach.

Double Doom strikes down two elderly twins in quick succession, one in a greenhouse, the other in a hospital. Miss Bell has invented a simple medical device for murder. In cases of coronary thrombosis, change the anti-coagulant pills to aspirin, and there you are. After this promising opening, however, the book degenerates into a crime novel, and the business of detection becomes perfunctory. Miss Bell always enjoys drawing characters, particularly doctors and doctors' wives, but her plots are wearing very thin, alas!

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Director of Ballet

Come Dance with Me. By NINETTE DE VALOIS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 25s.

Since it is impossible to be unreserved when writing of people with whom one has been intimately concerned in life, I am rather in favour of admitting those frankly individual prejudices, which add a strongly personal quality both to the writer and his characters. It is therefore a disappointment to me that Dame Ninette de Valois has been so studiously fair, so cautious of committing herself in her memoir, *Come Dance with Me*. It is as though she had squeezed out all her lively preconceptions in order to be as fair as possible to everyone else – with the result that it has taken the life out of her own vital personality. Her intense, serious enthusiasm, that has been a mainspring of her enormous work for ballet, is here shrouded. But it was one of the things I chiefly admired as a member of her company over twenty years ago. I well remember a rehearsal during which de Valois, driven out of all patience by the phlegm of an English dancer, suddenly cried out in anguished exasperation, 'You stupid little Anglo-Saxon!' I knew not whom to pity most: the astonished dancer, nearly in tears, or the desperate producer, so driven and fired by her zeal.

Yet Dame Ninette is extremely intelligent in her scrutiny of character. Some of the best parts of her book are the short analyses of famous people with whom she has worked. She writes of Lilian Bayliss as being 'not unlike a sincere, shrewd, devout peasant' who thought of money as safer in the stocking than in the bank. There is also a charming description of Miss Bayliss's spoilt, O-Cedar mop dogs, conveyed one under each arm, but dropped abruptly whenever action was needed. This is not enough, though. I am tantalised by the desire for a more detailed picture of this great impresario of drama, opera and ballet who once informed Dame Ninette that she was very ignorant, but she always knew who knew. But the author hurries on to the next thing, as though she feared that we or she might get bored. It is the same with Constant Lambert, in whom, she generously says, lay our only hope of an English Diaghilev. There is a vision of the musician, after more Irish whiskey than was good for him:

> It is moonlight, late at night, on the deserted deck of the Dublin mail boat, and the sea is bespattered with bobbing, rakish-looking wicker arm chairs, rocking and tossing in the middle of the Irish sea. Leaning over the rails, waving them a genial farewell, is the Maestro.

Because she has been unwilling to delegate much of her authority, Dame Ninette has carried the main weight of the Sadler's Wells and Royal Ballet companies for nearly thirty years. Through her determination and stamina she has forced a way, has driven the wedge of the national ballet deeper and deeper, until it is now a permanent attribute of the country, and its schools and companies number between 350 and 400 dancers. The memoir is chiefly a description of the struggle towards this achievement. The most coherent, the smoothest chapter – for some move in jerks – is the description of the company's fight to keep up its standards during the war. Ballet dancers are generally physically tired; but when added to this are bombing, broken nights, being chased out of Holland by the Germans, long touring, cut salaries and poor food, the culminating triumph in 1946 can be appreciated. The Royal Opera House was re-opened with a new production of *The Sleeping Princess*, starring Messel's exquisite decor and Margot Fonteyn in her artistic prime. Only then, in this book, can Dame Ninette's amazing powers be judged in their true light.

For the two chapters on her childhood, the reader is left with intriguing impressions, but no very clear picture, because the chief influences in her life, those of her family, are so vaguely outlined. Her powers of sulking and gaiety, her earnest reading, her boldness in argument, are all leads to her adult character, about which this architect of the English ballet is scrupulously careful to give away as little as possible.

ANNABEL FARJEON

[The second edition of *The Oxford Companion to the Theatre*, edited by Phyllis Hartnoll, includes an appendix of important omissions (Oxford, 45s.). *International Theatre Annual No. 2* edited by Harold Hobson (Calder, 25s.) includes an Introduction by John Osborne, and essays on 'The World of Ionesco' by Ionesco and 'Poetic Drama and Henry Sherek' by Henry Sherek.]

GORDON CRAIG

INDEX TO THE STORY OF MY DAYS

"magnificently vivid . . . enthralling"—GIELGUD
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Round-Up

Music

If the musical amateur remains in ignorance, it is not for want of instruction. From all sides there appear plump and compendious handbooks, exhibiting a praiseworthy standard of accuracy and style. First, three new Pelicans, each costing five shillings and containing about 400 closely filled pages. Alec Robertson's *Chamber Music* is a companion volume to Ralph Hill's *Symphony* and *Concerto*; despite signs of compression, it manages to be both comprehensive and lively, and contains one essay (Eric Blom on Mozart) which makes up in intrinsic interest for the fact that it does not conform to the general scheme. A. L. Bacharach has recast his pre-war *Lives of the Great Composers* into a more elaborate series of four Pelicans called *The Music Masters*; of these, Volumes 1 (16th Century to Beethoven) and 4 (20th Century) are now available, and the intervening volumes are soon to follow. Volume 4 is particularly useful, since it covers many composers about whom information is otherwise scarce; it is so up to date that the essay on Barber mentions next year's production of his opera, *Vanessa*, at the Metropolitan. Mr Bacharach has also brought out a new edition of his famous compilation, *The Musical Companion*. Now called *The New Musical Companion*, and published by Gollancz at the moderate price of 21s., it consists of nearly 800 pages divided into sections describing the main categories of music. Most of these have been revised by their original authors, but Colin Mason has performed this service for the contributions of the late Edwin Evans and Ferrucio Bonavia. Dent's excellent section on Opera has undergone revision at some period, but it is by no means 'completely up-to-date', to quote the jacket's claim. London is still said to possess no national opera-house, and no English operas later than 1926 are mentioned, so that the index offers the curious spectacle of nine entries for various works by Britten but no reference to any of his operas.

Man and his Music is a four-volume series intended primarily for sixth forms and universities, which recounts the history of music against a general historical and cultural background. The last two volumes, *The Sonata Principle* and *Romanticism and the 20th Century*, are the first to appear; both these clever and original studies are by Wilfrid Mellers (Rockliff, 27s. 6d. each); like the majority of such one-man surveys, they are most illuminating on the composers with whom the author happens to be most in sympathy; thus, Janacek is acutely characterised, Richard Strauss merely explained away. *The Analytical Concert Guide* (Cassell, 42s.) is an immense repository of careful analyses of the standard orchestral repertory, written by America's leading programme annotators, assembled by Louis Biancolli and prepared for English consumption by W. S. Mann. The classics are exhaustively covered; so, flatteringly, is the English School; to our disappointment and surprise, America itself is wholly neglected.

D. S.-T.

Middle East

Crusader Castles (Murray, 18s) is a reissue, expanded and revised, of Robin Fedden's little classic, supplemented by new matter on Asia Minor by John Thomson which makes the book more comprehensive and balanced. Within its own terms of reference this is an admirable little monograph, for its treatment of the Crusader-culture of the Levant as a separate phenomenon

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(interpreted through the vagaries of its military architecture) strikes out into territory which has so far belonged to the domain of heavyweight scholarship, laborious and detailed. Good maps and drawings back up the matter admirably and there is an excellent concise bibliography. If you are bound for Syria, Cyprus, Cilicia, or the Lebanon you should certainly pack a copy with your Curzon's *Monasteries of the Levant*. Despite a somewhat wearisome and pedestrian style, Richard Carrington's *East from Tunis* (Chatto & Windus, 21s.), which records the splendours and miseries of the long, arduous trek from Tunis to Egypt, deserves attention for its merciless – almost brutal – concern with historical and geographical detail, and its careful documentation: no lively evocations of landscape but plenty of hard fact for other wandering scholars. In his *Cyprus: A Portrait and an Appreciation* (Harrap, 21s.) Sir Harry Luke makes a lucid and elegantly written story of the bewildering patchwork of the invasions, earthquakes and foreign occupations that make the island's history.

Miss Elizabeth Hamilton is a devoutly religious and skilful artist, who gives the impression in *Put Off Thy Shoes* (Deutsch, 16s.) of having crossed the Holy Land almost entirely on tip-toe, and her book consists for the most part of Biblical evocations which, if one knows modern Israel, give one a curiously unfocussed feeling, as of something wrapped in a gauzy veil – her own private Israel. In *A Persian Spring* (Barrie, 25s.) Mr Wilfrid Blunt offers us a longish visit to Persia which is well worth sharing with an author so breezy, so comfortably at home with himself. His book does not pretend to cut very deep, but it is lively, discursive, and lit up here and there by flashes of scholarship and insight. Mr C. P. Lee, who spent some time in Athens as a Fullbright Visiting Professor, is forthright and full of jerky humours; but he succeeds in winning one's approval by his complete unpretentiousness, and his *Athenian Adventure* (Gollancz, 18s.) gives a remarkably fair picture of the modern Greeks. He has struggled with demotic, shopped in the Plaka, and argued about Cyprus in the coffee-shops: his chapter on the Cyprus question is perhaps the best.

L. D.

Religion

The new paper-bound 'Men of Wisdom' books are translated from a series which has proved highly successful among French readers. Each volume contains a biographical outline and a numerous selection of *'textes'* and is lavishly illustrated. The first four titles are *Saint Paul* (Claude Tresmontant), *Saint Augustine* (by Henri Marrou, the great patristic scholar and author of *The History of Education in Antiquity*), *Master Eckhart* (by Jeanne Ancelet-Hustache) and *Buddha and Buddhism* (by Maurice Percheron). The series is published by Longmans at 6s. each. For the ecclesiastical historian E. I. Watkin's *Roman Catholicism in England from the Reformation to 1950* supersedes Canon Barry's volume in the Home University Library (Oxford, 7s. 6d.), while those who prefer a less orthodox approach will much enjoy Miss Marjorie Strachey's *The Fathers Without Theology* (Kimber, 25s.). Miss Strachey, it should be said, is not without the wit and irreverence of her brother Lytton. 'How is it,' asked the young man, left alone in Voltaire's library, 'that you read the Fathers?' 'Ah,' replied Voltaire grimly, *'Ils me payeront'* – and so it is here. Some new popular works in this field include A. Powell Davies's *The Meaning of the Dead Sea Scrolls* (Muller, 15s.) the former Bishop of London, Dr J. W. C. Wand's, *The Road to Happiness* (Muller, 16s.) and Norman Beasley's detached but sympathetic history of Christian Science since 1910, *The Continuing Spirit* (Allen & Unwin, 25s). Professor Butterfield's *Christianity and History* and Father Trevor Huddleston's *Naught for your Comfort* are both available in cheap editions (Collins Fontana Books, 2s. 6d. each).

J. R.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,444 **Set by Bevis**

'Gruesomes' have recently been reported as more and more popular in the United States. The classic example cited is: 'Yes, Mrs Lincoln, but apart from that, how did you like the play?' Competitors are invited to add three more to the growing number. Entries by November 12.

Result of No. 1,441 **Set by Saturn**

'With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climbs't the skies!': the poets of Britain have never been behindhand in apostrophising the moon, and we expect our competitors to rise to the occasion and celebrate, in more jocund vein than Sidney, the new Russian moon. Limit, 14 lines (sonnets welcome, but not necessary).

Report

There was hardly a regular contributor who did not leap to the challenge (one even adding to his own entry another 'from my dear old Dad . . . dashed off last night over his Horlicks'); hardly an English poet of the Moon who was not pillaged and parodied. There was even one entry in

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MEETINGS FOR 1957/58

1957

Nov. 13th — Mr. Alfred Rubens, F.S.A., F.R.Hist.S.—Presidential Address: THE ENGLISH RADICALS AND THE JEWS (1769-1830).

Dec. 11th — AT FRIENDS HOUSE, EUSTON ROAD, N.W. Professor Sir Isaiah Berlin, C.B.E.—Lucien Wolf Memorial Address: FROM COMMUNISM TO ZIONISM; THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF MOSES HESS. Chairman: The Right Hon. The Earl of Halifax, K.G., P.C., O.M., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

1958

Jan. 13th — Mr. A. Levy, J.P.—THE ORIGINS OF SCOTTISH JEWRY.

Feb. 10th — Mr. M. Benady—THE JEWS OF GIBRALTAR.

March 10th — Miss Mollie Sands—JOHN BRAHAM, SINGER (1774-1856).

April 21st — Mr. Wilfred S. Samuel, F.S.A., F.R.Hist.S.—DR. MAYER SCHOMBERG'S ATTACK ON THE JEWS OF LONDON.

May 19th — The Reverend G. R. Balleine, M.A.—THE STRANGE SECT OF THE CHRISTIAN ISRAELITES (1794-1957).

June 16th — The Reverend James W. Parkes, M.A., D. Phil., D.H.L.—LEWIS WAY (1772-1840).

Meetings commence at 8.30 p.m. and except for the one on December 11th will be held at University College.

Applications for membership should be made to the Hon. Secretary.

Vol. XVIII of the Transactions will be issued to members during the coming Session.

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Gaelic (from Fort William). Though a certain anxiety at being overtaken by events was here and there apparent ('in the event of the said Moon's being now in Descendancy it is permissible to replace " art " in line 2 by "wert ", and " carv'st " in line 10 by " carv'dst" "), the pervading mood was jocund, and the Moon generally welcomed as a symbol of hope:

Give her a starry welcome and cry Pax! (Allan M. Laing).

V.R.C. allowed doubt to creep in with his additional verse to Addison's ' Spacious Firmament.'

Amid that Company of Light
Another Orb appears in flight,
From Pole to Pole she swiftly rides
And sharply East from West divides.
In ceaseless calling, Hour by Hour,
She signals her Creators' Power;
What Message reaches Reason's Ear,
A Song of Hope, or Cry of Fear?

Vera Telfer was one of many who enjoyed a crack at America:

. . . As above the world you fly,
Spitting in the U.S. eye.

A different political implication was drawn by Pandora:

A constellation in the Marxian Way
Where Poles at last are still and keep their places;
The Greater Bear of our new cosmic day . . .

Runners-up: R. A. McKenzie, Stanley J. Sharpless, J. O. McBryde and Guy Kendall, whose first verse was excellent:

As we stare at that singular planet
Your enterprise who can withstand
Can rue it, or curse it, or ban it
Or condemn it as wrong out of hand?
Ah, better be fawning and bland
To those who were eager to plan it
And God save our land.

Two and a half guineas each to Eileen M. Haggitt and Nancy Gunter; a guinea to P. J. Sidey.

Spun-speck, spick-span, mock-man moon
Slips through the skies with a trail of statistics,
Computations, calculations, co-ordinate ballistics,
Twilight, midnight, a.m. and afternoon;
What deep-dyed destinies to re-arrange,
Or tides to turn, or love-sad lives to change?

Pin hope, pin peace on the small track
Of a spinning ball in space, whose interchange,
Through air, and th'upper air, and th'other air does range,
Is but the cluck of a homely hen with an egg to crack;
And burning down, with a whirr like the choke of a spring
In a tale-telling clock, leaves nothing for poets to sing.

EILEEN M. HAGGITT

The new Red Moon upon her fiery track
Caused consternation in the Zodiac;
' Alas, we're fleeced! ' hear woolly ARIES cry,
Whilst anger'd TAURUS roars, ' It's all my eye! '
' ' Tis double-dealing, ' GEMINI declare,
Rude CANCER vows ' This notion's pinched I'll swear! '
' A share,' growls LEO, ' Must be mine, for sure,'
And gentle VIRGO trusts its aims are pure.
Grave LIBRA weighs the matter in her mind,
Warns SCORPIO, ' 'Twill leave a sling behind! '
With SAGITTARIUS it made no hit,
But gave poor CAPRICORN a giddy fit
AQUARIUS threw cold water from his pail,
PISCES dismissed it as a fishy tale.

NANCY GUNTER

Twinkle, twinkle, satellite,
Signal-pulsing through the night.
Should some ass press Button B,
Kindly do not fall on me.

P. J. SIDEY

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City Lights

Carrying On

The headlines have been less flamboyant this week. Wall Street jumped smartly to attention when the President called on investors to take their punishment like men, but has kept its balance only precariously: the precariousness is understandable if the promised presidential pep-talks are expected to be anything like those we are used to over here. Foreign exchange markets are still fluttering with uneasiness about the franc—one devaluation has been completed and another may be unavoidable if the run on the gold reserve cannot be stopped. An American loan would do the trick, if there were a government to negotiate it. Sir David Eccles, playing Hyde to Mr Maudling, has seized his opportunity and is leading a movement in the GATT for the revision of the clauses in the common market treaty which France is most anxious to keep and Britain most anxious to see removed. Dr Erhard has meanwhile managed to winkle Herr Schaffer out of the Finance Ministry.

* * *

The City was touched by the Chancellor's latest appeal for restraint in distributing profits. The results of earlier stages in the government's three-year squeeze are now becoming obvious. Stock market prices have drifted to a new low level this week mainly because of the uncertain dividend outlook. Courtaulds, which has not cut its dividend for ten years, has now cut its interim. Reed, the papermakers, has done the same and expects to pay a lower final dividend as well. Neither size, nor rising sales, nor even conservative financial policy, can now provide an absolute guarantee of a maintained dividend, and the pressure on profits has not yet reached its peak. Equity share prices are unlikely to rise very far to the tune of lower dividend announcements: if they manage to rise at all there are plenty of borrowers waiting to take advantage of their ebullience. It is now believed that the massive British Petroleum issue may precede the even more massive issue expected from Royal Dutch/Shell early next year. Holders of BP are now whispering hopefully to one another that the issue will be in the form of a convertible fixed-interest stock—but nobody is certain about it, and nobody knows whether the government will really seize this chance of reducing its interest in the group.

* * *

Nobody has paid much attention to Britain's agreement to cut her tariffs on steel imports—home production has been inadequate, and most steel tariffs are suspended. But the fact that the cuts have been made to bring Britain's tariffs into line with the common tariffs now to be operated by members of the Coal and Steel Community throws up the problem of fitting coal and steel into the framework of a European free trade area. Artificial restrictions on trade in coal and steel would have to go in the first move towards free trade, and the consequences for Britain might be serious.

Cheap steel has helped the export industries considerably since the war. Its cheapness has been mainly a result of government policy on the pricing of coal and scrap: the raw materials of the steel industry have been made available to it at an artificially low price, and the price of its products has been subject to government control. To prevent advantage being taken of the higher prices ruling outside, exports too have been subject to control: the Coal Board has exported coal only when it could be spared, scrap exports have been virtually banned and steel exports have been subject to licence. If these restrictions were removed, the only way to ensure adequate supplies of coal and steel for the home market would be to allow their prices to rise to the world level. Free trade in coal and steel might well throw a major burden on the exporting industries long before the effect of lower tariffs became serious.

* * *

The latest production figures have not helped to lighten the mood of the City. The Treasury has revised downwards its estimates for the last three months, and it now appears that production has not gone beyond its frolic in the spring when petrol rationing ended. It was still below the level it reached at the end of 1955 before the Iron Chancellor went into action.

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The Chess Board

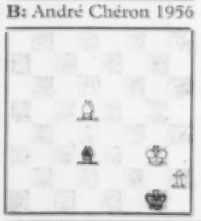
No. 416. The Best and the Worst of it

What matters in endgames is to have (or to achieve) a position providing as nearly the best as possible and as little the worst of the inherent theoretical possibilities. Take this instructive position (Bhend-Leepin, Luzern, 1954): /8 /2k5 /P3K3 /3P4 /8 /b7 /4B3 /8 /. By stopping the immediate advance of either P, both the Black K and B are ideally posted. (1) B-B3 (threatening immediate win by P-Q6) could be countered by . . . K-Kt3, hence White tried (1) B-Kt5, B-Kt5; (2) B-B6, K-Kt3; (3) B-Kt5, K-B2!; (4) B-B6, K-Kt3; (5) B-Kt7, K-B2, and he could make no progress. Indeed, the game proved that QRP + QP can never win even if the B controls the promotion square of the RP. This important rule was established by André Chéron who then set out to prove that QKtP + KP must win if the promotion square of the KtP is not controlled by the opposing B. While Chéron's analysis is as painstakingly thorough as can be expected from the greatest contemporary endgame expert, I haven't the space, alas, for more than the main line. Here is the position: /8 /2Bk4 /1P3K2 /3bP3 /32 /. White's first object, obviously, is to put the Black B under *zugzwang*, thereby forcing him to relinquish control of b7; in other words, White must bring about the original position, with Black to move. (1) K-B5, B-K3 ch; (2) K-Kt5(6), B-B5; (3) B-Q6!, B-Q4!; (4) K-B5, K-B3; (5) B-B7, K-Q2; (6) K-B6. So far so good, and now . . . B-B5; (7) B-Q6! (threatening P-Kt7 and preparing the B's march to QR5), K-B3; (8) B-B5! (threatening P-K6), K-Q2; (9) B-Kt4!, B-Kt6; (10) B-R5!, B-Q4 (forced); (11) P-K6!, BxP; (12) P-Kt7 and wins. This is only one of many important revelations of endgame theory revealed in André Chéron's new (German) edition of his famous *Nouveau Traité complet d'échecs. La fin de partie*. The German edition has been revised and considerably enriched by the author—*Lehr-und Handbuch der Endspiele, Engelhardt Verlag*, Berlin-Frohnau, DM.13.70—and even though the 2nd vol. (just out) deals with elementary mates, P-endings and Kt & B-endings only it contains 913 diagrams on 463 pages of closely packed (and yet very readable) analysis. The 3rd vol. (to deal with R & Q endings) is to appear shortly to complete what must surely be considered one of the most important standard works in chess literature. Even the present vol. is so crowded with interesting material that I shall have to revert to it more than once.

A: Henri Zimmer 1955

The 4-pointer, a mate in 5, should be easy enough for beginners aware of the fact that, if one wishes to win, one must beware of stalemate. **B** and **C**—both wins for White and the latter one of the classics of chess literature—should be none too difficult for 6 and 7 ladder-points. Usual prizes, entries by 11 November.

B: André Chéron 1956



C: Henri Rinck 1949

REPORT on No. 413. Set 12 October.

A: (1) . . . R-Q1 ch; (2) K-B2, B-B4 ch; (3) K-Kt3, Kt-R1 ch; (4) K-R4, B-Q2 ch; (5) KxKt, P-QR3! etc.

B: (1) K-Kt3, P-R4; (2) P-K4, K-Kt5; (3) P-K5!, PxP (best), stalemate.

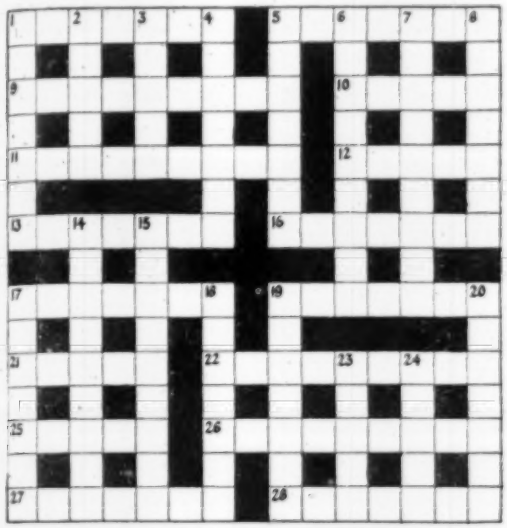
C: (1) Kt-B7!, R-K1 (best); (2) Kt-Q6 ch!, PxKt; (3) R-B1 ch, K-Kt3; (4) R-Kt3 ch, K-B2; (5) R-B3 ch, K-K2; (6) R-K3 ch, K-Q1!; (7) RxR ch!, KxR; (8) P-R3!!, B-Kt2; (9) K-Q1, R-R1; (10) K-K1, K-B2; (11) K-B1!, R-KR1; (12) K-Kt1!, K-B3; (13) P-B3! K-B4; (14) P-KKt! and draws.

Plenty of correct solutions. Prizes: I. Avinery, K. Beaumont, R. C. Chaturvedi, E. M. Rumney, C. Sansom

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 275

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 275, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 12 Nov.



ACROSS

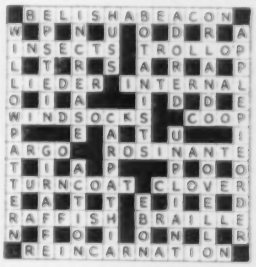
1. An actor and following a philosopher (7).
5. God for whom praises are broadcast (7).
9. The fan who spoils pure sport (9).
10. I come in to heal a scientist (5).
11. The story is simple about a river animal (9).
12. The vote against this island would be solid (5).
13. Counts about a county call (7).
16. A swelling on a doctor (7).
17. Place which is finished with a girl (7).
19. Door with a placard on the front (7).
21. The crop shows the sun in one of its products (5).
22. Artists who are running through the centre in an island (9).
25. Pipes for large expanses of water (5).
26. A town on the railway even comes within the platform (9).
27. Depths born in rewritten essays (7).
28. Striking conclusion of the essentials confused (7).

DOWN

1. Meditations of fools about to do wrong (7).
2. 'A —— once he lost and gain'd a king' (Milton) (5).
3. Make enquiries about nothing before a king (5).
4. Holds back a letter amid loud noises (7).
5. Long documents containing expression of belief in the Nazis (7).
6. Though perhaps scared about the motor, they give information about Goodwood, etc. (9).
7. Try hard always in school (9).
8. With foreign money about there is someone to fill the cups in the liquor-shop (7).
14. Fabrication used to repair a town (9).
15. Musicians one of whom needs roasting (9).
17. 'Am crazy about a soldier,' says the letter if you read it upside down (7).
18. 'As luscious as ——' (*Othello*) (7).
19. Humours the Frenchman in the news (7).
20. Born on the way up and coming into being (7).
23. Live in good health under the dead (5).
24. Degrade a camp (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 273



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 273

G. A. Coulson (London, SW5), D. F. Blackman (Heston), B. T. Southby (Orpington)

PERSONAL

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PERSONAL ASSISTANT (WOMAN)
TO MANAGING DIRECTOR

Personal Assistant (Woman) required by Managing Director of engineering company supplying capital plant to the oil, gas, chemical and nuclear power industries.

The duties include sifting and appraising all letters, internal memoranda, and printed matter addressed to the Managing Director; liaison with other managers and senior staff; devilling and drafting in connection with trade, technical, education and other outside bodies; and preparing précis and reports.

Applicants should have a university degree including economics, and desirably some years' administrative experience. Age 25 to 35.

Send brief career particulars and names of two referees as to discretion and loyalty marked PERSONAL to:

A. G. Grant, Managing Director, Whessoe, Ltd., Darlington, by Monday, November 11.

GRADUATES IN MATHEMATICS
OR STATISTICS

are required by one of the leading industrial concerns in the country to join an Operational Research team which is being set up. Preference will be given to graduates with a good degree in Mathematics, plus Statistics; previous experience of Operational Research, or of the practical application of Statistical method, would be an advantage.

Applicants should be under 40 years of age. Please apply for further details, giving particulars of age, qualifications and experience, to: Box 6117.

B.B.C. invites applications for inclusion in Reserve List of English Monitors to provide candidates for future vacancies. Monitoring Service is based at Caversham, near Reading. Duties entail listening to and reporting on news and other broadcasts from abroad in English. Perfect hearing, wide knowledge of world affairs and ability to type essential. Short-listed candidates will be asked to undergo listening, precis and general knowledge tests. Starting salary £565 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), with promotion to salary range £675-£885 when fully proficient. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.407 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

THE National Trust requires resident Curator for all duties, preferably married, for historic London house. Some knowledge of early keyboard instruments and of porcelain and furniture desirable. Salary £420 p.a. Apply in writing: C. Wallace, 42 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.

CLASSICAL Music representative reqd. Gramophone Record Co., London area. Exps. & commission. Box 6126.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa. Applications are invited for appointment to a vacant post of Lecturer on the staff of the Department of Philosophy. Duties are to be assumed on February 1, 1958, or as soon as possible thereafter. The salary attached to the post of lecturer is on the scale £850 × £50—£1,200 per annum, plus a temporary cost of living allowance, at present at the rate of £234 per annum, in the case of a married man. The initial salary will be determined by experience and qualifications. Membership of the University Institutions Provident Fund is compulsory. Membership of the Staff Medical Aid Fund is compulsory in the case of an officer who is eligible for membership. Applicants are advised to obtain a copy of the information sheet relating to this vacancy from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in South Africa and London, is December 15, 1957.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited from graduates for the full-time post of Assistant in the Research Section of the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. The successful candidate will be expected to pursue research in Social Administration, and, in particular, carry out a field-study of prison administration. The appointment will be in Grade II (salary, £700 to £800 per annum) or Grade III (salary, £600 to £650 per annum). Applications should be sent not later than November 16, 1957, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

AUCKLAND University College (University of New Zealand): Elam School of Fine Arts. The College Council invites applications for the position of Lecturer in the History and Theory of the Fine Arts. The salary scale for the position is £1,025 per annum, rising to £1,275 by three annual increments. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is Nov. 30, 1957.

MARKS & Spencer Ltd. invite applications from women between the ages of 25 and 35 for Staff Management in their larger stores. These are senior posts with progressive salaries. Candidates should preferably have had experience in managing staff. Commencing salary for the introductory training period would vary according to age and experience. Please write in the first place for further particulars and application form to the Appointments Section, 82 Baker Street, London, W.1, marking the envelope "S.M."

TRAVEL Agency, specialising in the unusual approach to Continental holidays, offers interesting careers in travel. Good education with some languages. Keenness, initiative and sense of responsibility. Excellent working conditions, free foreign holidays, superannuation scheme. Applications with age, education and experience, to Box 6143.

WANTED for January, housemistress interested in town and country pursuits. Some previous work with children essentl. Teaching or matron exp. an asset. Box 6141.

LONDON, S.W.15. Ibstock Place School, Clarence Lane, Roehampton. Wanted in January, Housemistress to be responsible for 50 boarders of girls aged 7-14) out of school hours, with three matrons. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Some previous work with children essential, teaching or matron experience desirable. Apply, with testimonials, to the Headmistress.

THOROUGHLY experienced Kindergarten Mistress (Froebel) wanted now or Jan. Town & Country School, 38 Eton Av., N.W.3.

EXPERIENCED teacher of English for foreigners required, full-time or part-time. Apply in writing to St. James School of Languages, 283 Oxford St., London, W.1.

WORKERS' Educational Association: Western District. Tutor Organiser required to work in South Gloucestershire. Applicants should hold a University degree in some branch of Social Studies and should have an interest in the work of the W.E.A. Salary scale £650 × £50 to £1,200 (the starting salary may be higher than the minimum). Full details from the District Secretary, W.E.A., 7 St. Nicholas Street, Bristol 1, to whom applics. should be sent by Nov. 16.

HAMPSTEAD. The Town & Country School, 38 Eton Av., N.W.3. Teacher(s), exper. in creative work with senior children (Art, crafts, acting, class music, writing) reqd. now or Jan. Burnham scale, Gov. superann.

CHEMISTRY—woman grad. reqd. W.1, now/early Jan. Part- full-time. Box 6177.

YOUNG Graduates (male or female) for teaching English at Hamburg or Essen, Germany, required. Minimum age 24. Applications with photo to: Berlitz School, Hamburg, Spitaler Str. 1.

MATRON required for January, aged between 25 and 35, to assist with a group of boys between seven and nine years old. Must be interested in the problems of the deprived, disturbed child. Please apply Miss L. M. Rendel, Caldecott Community, Mersham-le-Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE National Hospitals for Nervous Diseases. Applications are invited for the post of second Psychiatric Social Worker at The National Hospital, Queen Square. Salary according to Whitley Council scales, basic grade. It is intended that the work should be partly clinical and partly research. Good secretarial help and restaurant facilities. Applications, with two references, to be sent to the Secretary, The National Hospital, Queen Square, London, W.C.1. (Mr. E. Glithero, P.S.W., The National Hospital, Terminus 3611, will be pleased to give any information about this post.)

THE Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, London, E.2. Applications are invited for the post of Almoner (registered with the Institute of Almoners) to work under the supervision of the Head Almoner. Adequate clerical help and pleasant modern office. Referred medico-social work offering varied and interesting experience in a busy Children's Hospital. Within 10 mins. Liverpool St. Station. On No. 6 bus route. Newly qualified Almoners considered. Whitley Council Scale and conditions. Applications with references or names of two referees to Group Secretary.

NEWCASTLE General Hospital. (838 beds). Department of Child Psychiatry. Psychiatric Social Worker required for the recently opened Department of Child Psychiatry, which is housed in separate accommodation near to the main Hospital. The department has been planned jointly by the Regional Hospital Board and Kings College Medical School, University of Durham, and is a part of the Professorial Unit of Psychological Medicine. It is the training centre in Child Psychiatry for the region and undertakes undergraduate and post-graduate teaching as well as research. Opportunities are available for long-term intensive case work with children and adolescents. Salary in accordance with P.T.A. circular No. 49, i.e., £585-£810 per annum. Applications and enquiries to the Secretary, Newcastle General Hospital, Newcastle upon Tyne 4.

MINISTRY of Labour and National Service. Unestablished Psychologists required at Felling (Newcastle-upon-Tyne) and Birmingham Industrial Rehabilitation Units as members of teams of specialists dealing with people who need help in fitting themselves for employment after a break: duties include aptitude testing and advising on training and future employment. Good honours degree in psychology, preferably with post-graduate training or experience in occupational psychology. Age at least 21; possibility of establishment by open competition later. Salary (Men) £575 (at 21)—£920 (at 30 or on entry if over 30)—£1,215; (Women) £575 (at 21)—£901 (at 30 or on entry if over 30)—£1,144. Forms from M.L.N.S., Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, London, S.W.1, quoting G322 7A. Closing date November 16, 1957.

COUNTY of Buckingham. Appointment of Woman Probation Officer. Applications are invited for the appointment of a full-time woman probation officer. The appointment and salary will be in accordance with the Probation Rules, 1949-56, and the selected applicant will be required to pass a medical examination. Trainees nearing the end of their course would be considered. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names, addresses and descriptions of two referees, should reach the undersigned by the 25 November, 1957. R. E. Millard, Secretary to the Combined Probation Committee, County Hall, Aylesbury.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Education Ctee. Part-time Psychotherapists at: (a) Red House School, Tadworth, Surrey and (b) East Quinton School, Seaford, Sussex. Honours Degree in Psychology or equivalent. Recognised training in therapy; membership of Association of Child Psychotherapists desirable. Payment: £2 10s. p. 3-hr. session, plus travelling expenses. Application form from Chief Education Officer (Ref. G.P.), 10 Great George St., S.W.1, returnable by November 23 (Quote W.324, N.S. & N.). Canvassing disqualifies.

THE Family Welfare Association in London invites immediate applications for the post of Organising Secretary at their Central Office. Candidates should be women, preferably between the ages of 35 and 45, holding a degree of a recognised University and a qualification in Social Studies. Experience in casework and the supervision of students essential. The post is an administrative one and carries superannuation. Commencing salary £1,000. Applications to be made in writing to the General Secretary, Mr. H. R. Durham, Family Welfare Association, Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

TAVISTOCK Clinic, 2 Beaumont Street, W.1. Secretary required for Consultant Psychiatrist to take part in a Clinical Research project. Opportunity to acquire specialised knowledge and, if suitable, eventually to act as assistant on some aspects of the work. Good shorthand-typing speeds necessary. Responsible person to deal with confidential material. Preferably aged 25-35. Write, giving full details of experience, etc., to Senior Administrative Officer.

HOLIDAY Relief Work available now in London for Shorthand Typists £8 10s. Copy Typists £7 10s, 30 hour week, no Sats. Longer hours—more pay, Duttons Secretarial Serv., 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE United Newcastle Upon Tyne Hospitals. Royal Victoria Infirmary. Applications are invited for the post of Clinical Psychologist at the above hospital. The duties will be mainly those of a Clinical Psychologist within the Department of Psychological Medicine, but will also include the testing of some children and neurological patients for other hospital departments, and there will be some opportunities for research. The person appointed will be graded as Psychologist or Probationer Psychologist, and will be paid according to the appropriate Whitley Council scales. Applications, including the names of two referees, should be sent to the House Governor and Secretary, Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle upon Tyne 1.

ADVERTISING Assistant wanted for Machine Tool Makers. Knowledge of engineering helpful but not necessary. Able to write copy for catalogues, direct mail pieces, check printer's proofs. Accuracy essential. Non-contributory Pension and Assurance Scheme. Write F. J. Edwards, Ltd., 359 Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

LEADER & Secretary, full-time, required for The North Paddington Boys' Club, salary range £450-£550 p.a. according to qualifications. Write, stating age, qualifications, etc., to the Secretary, 576 Harrow Road, London, W.10.

QUAKER International Work Camps Office need shorthand-typist; pref. experienced and capable of acting as deputy during Secy's absence. Apply Friends Service Council, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

PART-time Secretary-Supervisor required for service flats. Exper. of domestic management important. Hours and salary by arrangement. Applications in writing only to Isokon (Lawn Road) Ltd., 8 Lawn Road Flats, London, N.W.3.

ASSOCIATION for Consumer Research wants experienced sh./typist for new, challenging position. Pay starting min. of £8. Send detls. to 16 Victoria Park Sq., E.2.

SPANISH couples! Reliable and hardworking, Northern Spanish married couples (Butler or handyman and Cook-General) ready to leave Spain now. Employer pays fare and deducts from wage, good refs. and willing to learn English. Burnett Bureau, Ltd., 77 Dean Street, London, W.1 (Est. over 20 years).

WIGMORE Agency. Personal assistants, Secretaries, Medical and Dental Secretaries, shorthand-typing and office staff. 67 Wigmore Street, W.1. HUN. 9951.

A COURT Agency Post awaits you! All Secretarial staff, both sexes, personal attention. No fees. Call or 'phone immed. introds. 37a Kensington High St. WES. 6373.

AT Conduit St. Bureau (GRO. 7080), 4 Conduit Street, Oxford Circus. Open daily 8.30-7.30. Sats. 9-1. Every Male/Female office post available. No fees to Staff.

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PROMOTION blocked, firm moving; woman, domiciled S.W. London, ten years private secretary to Director of national organisation, seeks post with more executive respons. &/or outlet creative mind. Box 6127.

YOUNG woman, commercial experience, languages, library training, seeks interesting, responsible position. Box 6086.

TRI-lingual Eng.-woman (French, German) 10 yrs. exp. admin., sec. (incl. committee work) sks. job Cent. London pref. educ., literary, research or simil. Box 6033.

EDITOR (Managing), 30, fluent French & Spanish, exper. music, drama, film, seeks worthwhile post; any suggestions. Box 6170.

WELL-educated young lady reqs. part-time work (about 30 hrs. p.w.). Experience advtg./fashion. Anything cons. Box 6151.

YNG. man, wide exp. agriculture, wishes work with progres. farmer. Box 6232.

ENGLISH-German shorthand-typist, translator, graduate, good French, legal experience, seeks job; short hours. Box 6221.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LONDON UNIVERSITY READERS

Norman Mackenzie, Clive Jenkins and ULR editors open a discussion on THE INSIDERS
MONDAY, NOV. 4, 4.30 p.m.
London School of Economics, Room 8. N.B. Change of date.
ULR CLUB

IPSWICH AREA READERS

Free Cinema programme—six films and discussion.
Tuesday, November 5, 7.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. Co-operative Hall, Carr St.
ULR CLUB

HULL AREA READERS

Clive Jenkins opens a discussion on THE INSIDERS. Wed., Nov. 13.
ULR CLUB and HULL TRIBUNE GROUP

WORLD JEWISH CONGRESS—BRITISH SECTION. JEWISH FORUM 1957-58.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1957 at 8 p.m.
FRIENDS HOUSE (GARDEN ENTRANCE), EUSTON ROAD, N.W.1.
"COMMUNIST 'LIBERALISATION' AND THE FUTURE OF EAST EUROPEAN JEWRY"
Speakers:
W. Z. LAQUEUR, S. W. POLLAK, RABBI KOPUL ROSEN, LEONARD SCHAPIRO.
Chairman: DR. S. ROTH.
Questions and Discussion.

"MIDDLE East—Syria—Cyprus." Basil Davidson: Hussein Hallek (Baath Socialist Pty., Syria). Movt. for Col. Freedom, London Area Council, Public Forum, 7 p.m., Nov. 8, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. 1s. at door.

UNIVERSITY College, London (Gower St., W.C.1). Mr. T. Stoverud will give a Public Lecture entitled "Edvard Grieg and Norwegian Folk Music," on Monday, November 11, at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket. E. A. L. Gueterbock, Secretary.

HUGH Gaitskell on "Britain's Role in World Affairs," Fabian Autumn Lect. 7.15 Nov. 6, Caxton Hall. Tkts. 2s. 6d. at door or from 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

UNIVERSITY of London: The Stamp Memorial Lecture, entitled "On the Decline in the Value of Money," will be delivered by Professor R. G. D. Allen at 5.30 p.m. on November 12 at University of London. Senate House, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

PUBLIC Debate. "Which Party should the Working Class support—The Union Movement or the Socialist Party of Gt. Britain?" on Monday, November 4, at 7.30 p.m., at the Lambeth Town Hall, Brixton Hill, S.W.2. Speakers: E. J. Ham (Union Mvt.), J. D'Arcy (S.P.G.B.). Admission free.

INTERNATIONAL Society for Socialist Studies. "Workers' Control and Socialism." 1st discussion meeting, "The Porcupine," 48 Charing Cross Rd. (cnr. Gt. Newport St.), Fri., Nov. 8, 7.30

PIONEER Women of Great Britain. Brains Trust on the Middle East: Panel: Mr. James Cameron (News Chronicle), Mr. B. Kingsley Martin (New Statesman), Mrs. Barbara Castle, M.P., Mr. Ian Mikardo, M.P. Question Master: Miss Rena Langer; on Monday, November 4th, 1957, at 8 p.m. (doors open at 7.30 p.m.), at the Adolph Tuck Hall, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Adm. free, all welc. No appeal.

HEALTH Matters. Labour & the N.H.S. Arthur Blenkinsop, M.P. Hope House, Gt. Peter St., S.W.1, 7.30, November 7. Tkts. 1s. 6d. Socialist Medical Association, 86 Rochester Row, S.W.1, or at door.

CONWAY Discussions. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, Tuesday 7.15 p.m., Nov. 5, Adrian Pigott, "The Mischief-Making Vatican." Adm. free.

"THE Young Rebel in American Literature." The U.S. Information Service presents seven lectures, Tuesday evenings 6.30 p.m., 41 Grosvenor Square. November 5, Geoffrey Moore speaks on Sinclair Lewis.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., Nov. 3, 6.30, Music & Readings. 7.0 p.m., Donald Ford: "Psychology and Morals."

S. PLACE Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Sun., 11 a.m., Nov. 3. E. Royston Pike, "Man's Pursuit of the Millenium." Adm. free.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue. A. A. Burall and J. B. Coates on "Has Humanism Failed?" 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8, Wed., Nov. 6, 7.30.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture. Fri. Nov. 8, 8.30. Ven. Sohaku Ogata, "Zen Buddhism." Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns., Paddington, W.2. All welc.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. PARk 7379. Fri., Nov. 8, 8 p.m. Marie Rambert: A Tour in China.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Folklore of the Second Industrial Revolution. An Examination of fantasy and misinformation in the popular presentation of the recent advances in science to determine if there is an underlying pattern. Speakers: Christopher Strachey, Lawrence Alloway. Tues., Nov. 5, 8.15 p.m. Adm. 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

BENN W. Levy, H. J. Blackham & F. T. Willey, M.P., in Brains Trust on National & World Security. Chair: Frank Horrabin. Hampstead Humanist Society, Sunday, Nov. 3, 7.15 p.m., at 783, Finchley Rd. (Nr. Child's Hill).

BUDDHIST Society, Wed., Nov. 20, 6.30 sharp, special showing of the wonderful Indian Government film, "Gautama the Buddha," French Institute, Queensberry Place, S.W.7. Reserved seats 3s. 6d., unreserved 2s. 6d. at door. You are strongly advised to apply early to 58 Eccleston Square, S.W.1 to ensure a seat. TAT. 1313.

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Lecture, Caxton Hall, S.W.1, Wed. Nov. 6, 6.30 sharp, "The Western Approach to Buddhism," Christmas Humphreys. Read "The Middle Way," 2s. 10d. quarterly post free. Inf. 58 Eccleston Square, S.W.1. TAT 1313.

OWEN Barfield lectures on "Saving the Appearances" on Thursdays, November 7 & 14, at 6.30 p.m. Chairman, Leslie Paul, St. Anne's Society at 57 Dean Street, W.1. Refreshments available.

"WILLIAM Blake, English Revolutionary": Arnold Kettle, lecturer in English Literature at Leeds University, at Hampstead Town Hall, Friday, November 8 at 8 p.m. Illustrated by poetry readings. Admission 1s. Organised by Hampstead C.P.

SWAMI Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Holborn, 6.30. Thurs., Nov. 7: "Immortal Self and Mortal Man." Suns., 5 p.m., 68 Dukes Ave., N.10: Kingly Yoga. All welc.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns., Paddington, W.2. Public Lecture, Sun., 8 p.m. Free. Nov. 3, "The Vision of Confucius."

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Nov. 9 at 6 p.m. M. Jean Driant: Chansons parlées.

HOW the Tomb of Richard III's son was discovered by heraldry. Free illustd. talk by Gen. T. B. L. Churchill, Church House, Westminster, Thurs., Nov. 14, 8 p.m. Inf. from: Hon. Sec., Fellowship of the White Boar, 29 Eaton Terrace, London, S.W.1.

TARBUT La'am. Jewish Cultural Centre, Joseph Morumbi, "Truth about Kenya," Sunday, Nov. 3, 8 p.m. 37 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures on "Elizabethan Music, with Special Emphasis upon Rhythm and Proportion," will be delivered by Sir Steuart Wilson at 5.30 p.m on November 7 and 27 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

THIRD Movement Week-end. "Ends & Beginnings." Nov. 16-17, 2-9 p.m., at Marlborough Court, 109 Lancaster Gate, W.2, conducted by Denis Hill & members of the teaching grp. Fees 2 gns. Detls.: Hon. Sec., 230 Makepeace Mansions, N.6. MOU. 6114.

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DARTINGTON Music School. Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers, with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club. 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng. classes or private lessons; beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College offers intensive training for high-grade secretarial appointments for graduates and other well-educated girls. New group begins Nov. 11. Foreign languages. Individual attention. Excellent results. For full details and interview apply the Principal, 62 Bayswater Road, London, W.2. PAD. 3320.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

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SKI-ING at Christmas; vacancies in young private party, 16 days at Obergurgl for £50, including sleepers, ski-hire and instruction. Box 6053

FOOD AND DRINK

GREAT Wall Chinese Restaurant, 33 Oxford St., W.1. GERrard 4713, for the best Chinese food in London. Parties catered for in our Dragon Gate Banqueting Room. Exquisite Chinese handicrafts, brocades, etc. from our ground floor boutique.

OUTSIDERS: Come inside and try Fino Feria, a new dry fino sherry by Duff Gordon. (They're the people who bring you El Cid Amontillado Sherry.)

FOOD AND DRINK—continued

THE SATIRE
Duke of York Street
St. James's Square

A new night club in London where an excellent dinner can cost under £1 a head, and an after-theatre snack very much less. Good French wines from 12s. 6d. a bottle. There is no entrance charge to members; dancing until 2.30 a.m. The cabaret, including political satire, is presented just before midnight. Annual subscription is 2gns. or 1gn. for members under 30. Ring FLE. 6205 during the day or TRA. 1801 after 5 p.m.

WHEN hunting for a way to brighten up a cold meal try a little Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney—from all good grocers.

THE Most Memorable Toast is that which is buttered and spread with Burgess Anchovy paste.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 90s. partial board. Application forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

CONGENIAL atmosphere. Music lit. insts. Single room 47s. 6d. HAM. 8109.

NEWLY decorated furnished flat, W.4, for 2 ladies, 2 rooms, kit., bath., L., H.W. 6 gns. Box 6198.

YOUNG prof. famils offers comf. home, meals, 5½ gns. Gold. Green. Box 6209.

PLEAS. b/sit. in friendly hsehold. Ckg. facs. Share bath. One other, £2 10s. Suit yng. wom. RIV. 1150 wkend. / evg. aft. 7.

W.11. Immaculate quiet hse., single divan-rms., all facs. avail. Enclosed basin etc. Cent. pos. close buses, tubes. BAY. 5384.

LARGE furnished room near Kew Gardens. Musical interests pref. Box 6159.

TEDDINGTON, 28 mins. W'loo. Dr.'s house. To let: 2 adjoining furn. b/s. rms., ckg. facs., for 2 friends. Also 2-rm. furn. flat (inc. large kit./din.). Box 6160.

CANONBURY. Newly furn., dec. s/c. garden, flat, own entr., 2 rms., k. & b., frig. 6 gns. Baby-sitting deducted. CAN. 8923.

HAMPSTEAD, nr. tube. Furn. flat, newly decorated, quiet house. Everything provided, 'phone. Two people, 5½gns. Box 6071.

THERE'S space, comfort and warmth in our rooms. Double and single available for people who will travel 25 minutes for real comfort. 65s. & 50s. HIL. 3751.

ROOMS in delightful flat with young, informal, cosmopolitan group. 2½ to 3½ gns. incl. all fuel, use kit., liv. rms. Special welc. to overseas. Wilson, CUN. 4072.

WARWICK Avenue nr. underground Stn., sunny, quiet B/sit., sep. cooking facs., bath, linen. 45s. CUN. 2519 eves.

SGLE. room & share flat with two offered business woman early 30's who prefers home to mere accommodation. Box 6137.

PIED à Terre, cosy, offered at Notting Hill Gate. Box 6147.

LARGE bed-sitter, Highgate Village, offered to girl student at nominal rent for some domestic help and baby-sitting. Box 6173.

HAMPSTEAD. Really charming Divan-room for prof. lady. Good-class acc. in author's house. Cooking facil., view garden. Near buses, Heath. £3. HAM. 7428.

FURN. b/s., own ckg. facs., nr. Henleys Corner, 2½gns. Female. FIN. 1084.

CHELSEA. Sgle. man reqd. for furn. sit.-rm. & bedrm., lavatory with basin, use kit., bath & 'phone. £6 p.w. SLO. 7581.

LIGHT, spacious divan-rooms, cent. htg., const. h.w., linen, china, separate cooking, share bath. N.W.2. Frequent transport. Double 4 gns., single 3 gns. WIL. 6025.

YOUNG lady wanted to share attractive house Hyde Park area. Box 6233.

S.W.13. Own sml. furn. flat, attr. outlk. Low rent offd. retired woman return little serv. elderly, active lady. Box 6205.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

WANTED immediately, until Christmas, by yng. woman, bed-sitting room close Fleet St. Message taken by Bishop. FLE. 9991.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST seeks at least 2-roomed flat. Box 5687.

PART or unfurn. single accom. wanted. Business woman. Easy reach centre London. Will baby-sit for reas. rent. Box 6047.

JOURNALIST (f.) wants unfurn. flat 3/4 rooms Chelsea, Kensington, Knightsbridge or mews cottage. More interested space and charm than convenience. Not less than 2 years. Up to 11 gns. Box 6146.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½ns.; weekly boarders, 30 gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.